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## THE NEW CRITICISM.

The confusion of purpose which baffles every student of the history of literary criticism, and which seems more and more perplexing the deeper he penetrates into the subject of his investigations, is admirably set forth by Mr. Joel Elias Spingarn in a lecture which he gave at Columbia a year ago, and which he now publishes in a booklet entitled "The New Criticism." It would be too much to say that the writer clears the difficulty away, or that the formula which defines "literature as an art of expression"—which he credits to that rather misty philosopher, Signor Benedetto Croce—is adequate to resolve all our doubts, but we may fairly say that he discusses the subject upon a basis of broad historical knowledge, and in a highly suggestive and stimulating fashion.

First of all, he brings to our attention the seemingly hopeless divergence between the methods of subjective and objective criticism, incidentally noting that there were subjective critics long before MM. France and Lemaître. Scaliger and Aretino were as far apart as any pair of modern critical duelists, and it was a Frenchman of the classical age of the Roi Soleil who wrote of Virgil: "The world will continue to think what it does of his beautiful verses; and as for me, I judge nothing. I only say what I think, and what effect each of these things produces on my heart and mind." Mr. Spingarn calls the opposed ideals the two sexes of criticism—"the masculine criticism that may or may not force its own standards on literature, but that never at all events is dominated by the object of its studies; and the feminine criticism that responds to the lure of art with a kind of passive ecstasy." In the one case, we have "judgment erecting its edicts into arbitrary standards and conventions," in the other, "enjoyment lost in the mazes of its sensuous indecision." The two must be "mystically mated," if they are not to fall short of their highest powers. The mating impulse or the coördinating thought comes to us as a legacy of the romantic movement, traceable in the writings of Mme. de Staël, Cousin, Sainte-Beuve, Hegel, and Taine. With Sainte-Beuve we reach, in a sense, the parting of the ways

(as far as nineteenth century criticism is concerned), for both the impressionist and the dogmatist of later days derive from his example.

The common ground upon which the old disputants are to become reconciled is to be found in a recognition of the principle that criticism, whatever else it may be incidentally, is at bottom a study of the writer's expression. "What has the poet tried to do, and how has he fulfilled his intention? What is he striving to express, and how has he expressed it? What impression does his work make on me, and how can I best express this impression? These are the questions that nineteenth-century critics have been taught to ask when face to face with the work of a poet." Again, it was Carlyle who discerned in the German criticism of his time the aims which these questions set forth.

"The problem is not now to determine by what mechanism Addison composed sentences and struck out similitudes, but by what far finer and more mysterious mechanism Shakespeare organized his dramas and gave life and individuality to his Ariel and his Hamlet. Wherein lies that life; how have they attained that shape and individuality? Whence comes that empyrean fire which irradiates their whole being and appears at least in starry gleams? Are these dramas of his not verisimilar only, but true; nay, truer than reality itself, since the essence of unmixed reality is bodied forth in them under more expressive similes? What is this unity of pleasures; and can our deeper inspection discern it to be indivisible and existing by necessity because each work springs as it were from the general elements of thought and grows up therefrom into form and expansion by its own growth? Not only who was the poet and how did he compose; but what and how was the poem, and why was it a poem and not rhymed eloquence, creation and not figured passion? These are the questions for the critic. Criticism stands like an interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired; between the prophet and those who hear the melody of his words and catch some glimpse of their material meaning but understand not their deeper import."

These questionings of Carlyle go to the root of the matter, and the passage is one of the weightiest of critical utterances. The first two of Mr. Spingarn's questions adumbrate the same doctrine, but we do not see what the third is doing in that galley. For the critic's statement of the impression that a work makes upon him is either impertinent or superfluous, according as the critic is not or is qualified for his task. In the former case, objectivity is thrown to the winds, and without objective detachment there can be, in our view, no such thing as criticism; in the latter case, no reader need be told in so many words how the critic is impressed.

Up to this point, we may remain in reasonable accord with Mr. Spingarn, despite the hostages which he gives to impressionism, but

we must part company with him when he follows his statement of general principles with a ferocious onslaught upon most of the time-honored methods of critical procedure. "We have done," he informs us dogmatically, "with all the old rules," "with the *genres*, or literary kinds," "with the comic, the tragic, the sublime, and an army of vague abstractions of their kind," "with the theory of style, with metaphor, simile, and all the paraphernalia of Græco-Roman rhetoric," "with all moral judgment of literature," "with 'dramatic' criticism," "with technique as separate from art," "with the history and criticism of poetic themes," "with the race, the time, the environment of a poet's work as an element in criticism," "with the 'evolution' of literature," and "with the old rupture between genius and taste." We are a little breathless from the shock of this ten-barrelled discharge, but still stand facing the enemy, for the simple reason that his cartridges are all blanks. For the plain truth is that criticism has not "done with" these things at all, but has come to a somewhat clearer understanding of their relative importance, and has learned how to use them, each in its own fitting time and place, with a nicer discrimination than of old.

After all, it is only a question of emphasis. The mind of the philosophical critic may be likened to a concave surface with many facets, each of them receiving light from its own particular quarter, and all of them reflecting the rays to a common focus. If Aristotle has erred, or Horace, or Coleridge, or Taine, or Brunetière, it is because some of the facets have been dimmed, and others have reflected the light unduly. Authority, or didacticism, or metaphysics, or environment, or evolution, has been intensified at the expense of other equally important elements. All these things enter into legitimate criticism, and it is mere iconoclastic bravado to assert that their day is past. The reason why modern criticism is so much richer and so more nearly adequate than the older styles is that it has acquired more points of view, and learned to use them all for its observations. We are willing to allow that criticism is essentially an examination of the writer's expression, but only with the understanding that it is to be examined in every possible light. If it is to mean that we are to cast aside the store of critical wisdom amassed by centuries of effort, we will have none of it. There are such things as aesthetic principles in literature, and righteous judgments may be based upon them.

Style is a matter that cannot be ignored in any examination of literature. Literary *genres* give us norms that are indispensable for purposes of comparison, and the doctrine of evolution enables us to understand transitional types and puzzling reversions. Race, period, and *milieu* are considerations by no means to be despised, and the critic who tries to get along without them will be like Arnold's "ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." And the criticism that leaves moral standards out of its reckoning will always be an art atrophied in its vital parts. That "no critic of authority now tests literature by the standards of ethics" is Mr. Spingarn's amazing statement. If this were true, it would be so much the worse for criticism, for literature can have no meaning apart from its relation to life, and all the great poets give eloquent testimony to their conviction of this supreme truth.

Our own opinion, briefly stated, is that the business of criticism is to account for literature, and to justify it. In the accounting, all sorts of means may be employed, and the most trivial may have some useful function. We may still learn something from Quintilian and Boileau and Herder; we may still learn much from Goethe and Taine and Arnold. In the justification, we are bound, on the one hand, to recognize the body of doctrine slowly built up by the labors of rhetoricians and aestheticians, and on the other, to admit the validity of the judgments upon which the moralists have been united. Can we make any use of the impressionists? Well, if there are enough of them impressed in substantially the same way by a particular work of literature, we may even look to them for inductions that may prove of a certain value. But in this case, it is the impressionist's own mind that is most likely to be accounted for, and not often, we fear, likely to have its existence justified by the *naïve* babblings which, with somewhat impudent self-assurance, it offers us as a substitute for the serious criticism of literature.

#### POE'S USE OF THE HORRIBLE.

Nothing in the prose tales of Poe is more troublesome to his critics than the constantly recurring element of the horrible. Persons with a certain degree of taste commend the author for his ability to harrow their emotions. Devotees with finer sensibilities speak little and apologetically of this element of the tales. Unfriendly critics dwell on it to Poe's disadvantage, and assume that it is a deliberate

device for the production of emotional effects. A recent essayist says, in one of those complacently elaborated phrases that delight a certain school of American rhetoricians: "His design is, crassly, to wring the withers of our sensoriums"; and more directly: "In the most characteristic of his writings his motive is exactly that of the fat boy in 'Pickwick,' who announced to his easily thrilled auditors that he was going to make their flesh creep."

This charge is the most serious that has been brought against the artistic quality of Poe's tales. To thrill the reader for the mere sake of thrilling, to make his flesh creep simply for the sake of the creepiness, can never be a worthy object; and work that is written with such an aim can never rank high as art. It must be remembered, however, that much work of the highest artistic value may thrill, and may even thrill the particular sensation of creepiness. For some persons the ghost of Hamlet's father induces this sensation as surely as does a crude device in a melodrama; yet one has, and the other has not, a real significance. If Poe uses the horrible to shadow forth the deeper meanings of things, then his tales may be judged by the artistic nature of his conceptions, and the skill with which these conceptions are bodied forth. If he introduced the horrible for its own sake, then his art is mere charlatanism, and the tales can have no serious value as literature. There is no doubt that the element of horror is present in many of the tales, that it is sometimes inartistic, and occasionally so strong as to overshadow all other impressions. There is no doubt, either, that some persons read the tales for the thrill that the horror gives them. The question is whether Poe intended his tales to be read in this way.

Poe's own opinion regarding the short story is expressed in the familiar passage from the review of Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales," in which he says: "A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect." The use of the word "*effect*," which the author himself italicizes, seems at first glance to warrant the belief that Poe approved of arousing emotions for the mere sake of arousing them; and this supposition may be strengthened by a mention of terror and horror in the next paragraph. But in interpreting any passage in Poe's critical work we must bear in mind certain facts respecting his method. One of these is that he never formulated a system of literary criticism, and never created the special vocabulary without which exact discussion of literary matters is almost impossible. The most valuable pages in the critical writings of Coleridge and Arnold are those which define and give new meanings to such terms as "fancy," "imagination," "criticism of life." In brief book reviews written for popular magazines Poe could do nothing of this sort. He



was forced to give his judgments as best he could in the loose and ambiguous language of ordinary discourse. Another fact to be noted is that Poe found himself, both in temper and in belief, opposed to the literary spirit of his time, and that a great part of his literary criticism is controversial, not judicial, in manner and tone. Throughout the writings on poetry he fought the idea, so fatally common in the America of his day, that a poem was a work of inspiration, to be produced at one heat and never revised; and in the "Philosophy of Composition" he tried to oppose this view by an obviously exaggerated account of the opposite process. Similarly he opposed, in his review of the "Twice Told Tales" of Hawthorne, the tendency of contemporary story writers to think of a tale as a series of incidents leading to a climax, and perhaps teaching something by means of a more or less pertinent moral tag at the end. Even Hawthorne enters in his note-book the outline of a narrative, and adds: "It would be symbolical of something"—leaving the "something" to be determined later, possibly after the tale was written. In his quarrel with this practice Poe uses "effect" as a convenient and exaggerated expression of the idea that he wishes to convey. It repeats in part the idea of the word "thoughts" in the preceding phrase, and it seems to signify little more than that indefinite something which gives to a tale what the author elsewhere calls "unity of impression."

If this is a fair interpretation of Poe's critical theory, what of his practice? Before noticing any of the stories in detail it may be well to recall that Poe was fascinated by many questions concerning the ultimate meaning of things. His prose poem, "Eureka," however poor its philosophy, shows this interest. His prose rhapsodies, "Shadow" and "Silence," however unsuccessful their manner, show his questioning of ultimate mysteries. Problems involving the nature and workings of mind, and especially the relations of the spiritual to the physical, are propounded or hinted at in many of the tales. Thus the strange something in our natures that impels us to do what we wish not to do is expounded in "The Imp of the Perverse," "The Tell-Tale Heart," and even "The Black Cat." The relation of the body and the soul, with the associated thought of the sentence of the body after death, is considered in such different tales as "Ligeia," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Morella," "Eleanora," and "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar." Some aspects of these and similar problems naturally lead to a consideration of unpleasant topics, such as physical death. It seems reasonable to believe that the excess of horror in such tales is to be explained by the fact that the author did not fully realize how his treatment of these topics would affect the reader. In some way, which it would be interesting to consider if space permitted, Poe had become hardened to the horrible, as an anatomist becomes hardened to the sights of the dissecting room. If he was interested in some

favorite speculative idea, and if the motive of his tale called for a scene of horror, he followed his logical rather than his artistic bent, and introduced details that are repellent to the reader.

The conclusion of "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" is disgusting, but it is the natural result of a speculation in which Poe was interested, and which he treated in another tale, "Mesmeric Revelation." "Berenice," one of the most obvious artistic failures among the serious stories, is really a study of a peculiar type of monomania. Given the intention of the tale and the situation, the teeth are the one feature of Berenice which could be supposed to exercise a hypnotic influence on her lover, and the unpleasant climax comes naturally enough. In "The Black Cat" the author wishes to show the depths to which a man has sunk, and he devises the incident of cutting out the cat's eye, not for the shiver that it gives the reader, but as an indication of the character of the actor. In "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" he wishes to provide an *outré* mystery for unravelling, and he fails to realize that some persons will be more impressed by the gruesomeness of the murder than by the analytic power of M. Dupin. In all these tales not only is the horror incidental, but it is of the natural, physical, not unwholesome kind. With all his lapses of taste Poe never was guilty of anything like Irving's "Tale of the Young Robber."

Another class of stories, such as "The Descent into the Maelstrom," and "The Pit and the Pendulum," are studies of the effects of horror on the persons in the tale. In still another class, like "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "Ligeia," an element of horror is mixed with something of weirdness for the sake of the atmosphere; but in no tale of this class is the horror sufficient to repel any but a squeamish reader.

Every story that has been mentioned is a study in the peculiar working of the human mind, or suggests some question of the relation of mind and body. This is not the place to consider whether such philosophical problems are as well adapted for treatment in fiction as are the purely ethical problems that Hawthorne preferred. They are what Poe chose; and in every case the element of horror is a natural, or at least a convenient, incident in the development of the tale. Surely the character of Dupin and the unravelling of the mystery in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" were not created for the sake of the few sentences that describe the horrors of the death-chamber. It is unfair to suppose that even in the "The Black Cat" and "Berenice" the author presents repulsive things for their own sake. This conclusion is supported by the analogy of the better stories, and by what we know of Poe's ideals. It necessitates the admission, of course, that he sometimes lacked in sureness of artistic conscience, but it leaves his readers free to enjoy his works and still keep their self-respect and their respect for the author.

WILLIAM B. CAIRNS.



## CASUAL COMMENT.

THE LATE RIPENING OF FOGAZZARO'S GENIUS is indicated by the fact that he was in his fortieth year when his first novel, "Malombra," was finished, after more than six years of careful work on its details. There is, however, nothing that should surprise one in this. Why should the first production with which an artist appeals to the public for recognition be sent forth at an earlier age, with all its sins of crudeness and youthful bumptiousness upon it? Surely there is something wrong in the scheme of things if after the age of thirty or forty a man cannot produce increasingly better, richer, riper fruits than ever before. The best-flavored and most abundant crops of apples are gathered from the oldest trees in the orchard. It is only a weak and mistaken yielding to a vicious popular prejudice that causes the too frequent lapsing into impotent senility before half the course of what should be the normal human life is run. The qualities that were destined to make Fogazzaro famous as a romancer were mostly present in that first novel, but were to undergo development with the passage of mellowing years. "The spirit of observation which afterwards allowed him to paint so many people in his books," writes Signor Vittorio Orlandini of his recently deceased compatriot, "the extraordinary perception of the right light in which to place his characters, according to their artistic and real value, the keen sense of humor—a quality so rare in modern Italian writers—which never fails to let Fogazzaro catch the human side of his personages, are already present in 'Malombra' and suffice to make its author a novelist of first rank."

THE NEWSPAPER'S DEBT TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY will never be paid. Not one reader in ten thousand stops to ask himself, as he scans his morning journal and skims various paragraphs or articles containing detailed information on persons and things of current interest, where all this miscellaneous knowledge is obtained. By no means all of it is the fruit of personal interviewing, and, in a reputable paper, no large proportion of it is evolved from the reporter's inner consciousness. The resources of a good reference library have to be drawn upon, and the best reference library in almost every city or village is the one owned by the community and supported by its tax-payers. Library workers are familiar with the inevitable descent upon them of newspaper writers whenever, for example, a city in southern Italy is overwhelmed by a volcanic eruption, or an oriental despot is assassinated, or a popular author marries or dies. Whatever the startling occurrence, it must be written up, and immediately. Dr. Bernard Steiner, in the current report of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore, says of its reference department that it "has had a busier year than ever. It is applied to by all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects,

and the queries constantly sent in or directly asked at the desk take much time in their answering. The Baltimore News and the Sun have made great use of this department. Indeed, the greater part of some days has been spent in looking up material for these newspapers." Gradually it is becoming apparent how many important activities are more or less dependent on the public library, and its insistent demand for more generous financial support should be heeded.

THE INTUITION OF A PUBLISHER, as also that of a magazine editor and of a theatre manager, is not uncommonly the most valuable asset in his entire stock and equipment. The *flaire* for the desirable thing in literature that made the Macmillan brothers so successful as publishers seems to be possessed in an unusual degree by the present head of the Macmillan Company of New York. Mr. George P. Brett forms the subject of an appreciative sketch, in the March "American Magazine," from the pen of his friend and client (if the word is permissible), Mr. Winston Churchill. It is Mr. Brett's energy and ability that have transformed what was a mere branch of the London house of Macmillan into one of the leading publishing houses of this country. His interest in and acquaintance with literature, especially in certain departments conspicuously represented by his publications, prove him to be a scholar as well as a brilliantly successful business man. "Mr. Brett's character," we are told, "combines boldness with caution, and this is best shown by his attitude toward the much discussed policy of advertising: if his instinct tells him that a book is good, he believes in advertising it liberally; yet on the other hand he declares that a publisher who considers the commercial value of his wares alone is not only apt to find that his published books have no value from the standpoint of time, but that a loss ensues of publishing reputation, and of ultimate commercial profit also. Another and by no means small factor in his success has been his knowledge of and belief in the innate idealism of the American man and woman." Mr. Brett's occasional writings, on such diverse subjects as Poverty, Finance, the Tariff on Books, and How to Enjoy a Vacation, are spoken of as his diversions and distractions from the cares of business.

THE HOOSIER FARMER'S LOVE OF BOOKS may be inferred from a study of the map of that agricultural commonwealth, with a list of Indiana's public libraries and library stations at one's elbow for frequent consultation; also by a study of the State Constitution, which was framed and adopted almost a century ago, and which contains a wise and liberal provision for the establishment of county libraries; and, thirdly, by a careful reading of the "Sixth Biennial Report of the Public Library Commission of Indiana," which brings the library history of the State down to the end of September, 1910. The county system has been superseded by a more widely beneficent plan for the establishment and operation

of libraries, both stationary and travelling, but so early a constitutional provision for public libraries as is found in the charter of Indiana's statehood is certainly memorable. To promote the usefulness of libraries to the rural public, the above-named Report makes certain recommendations, as for example, — "Establish a system of permanent deposit stations and, if necessary, branch reading-rooms in villages. Allow long time on books to those who live far from the library and deposit station. Purchase books and periodicals of special interest to farmers. See that the people in the country know about the library and what it contains. Advertise. Make it possible for the librarian to go out into the country and know the station borrowers. Make the reading room an attractive place for farmers when they come to town." Indiana's record in the educational and literary history of the country is one to be proud of. Its list of recent writers of note ought to gratify Hoosier pride, and may serve as a sort of testimony to the excellence of the school and library laws of the State.

THE PAINS AND PENALTIES OF LITERARY CELEBRITY might without much difficulty be shown to overbalance its rewards and satisfactions. Mr. A. C. Benson, in some of his recent books, has made it plain that his own success as an author has not been to him a source of unmixed joy. The chase for fame, if one fancies that one cares for that sort of thing, is doubtless more exhilarating than its possession. That popular and delightful writer known to her readers as Kate Douglas Wiggin, and to her friends and acquaintances as Mrs. George C. Riggs, has for years been the victim of a vexatious confusion of names. Hundreds of unthinking persons persist in associating her with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," either as author or (who knows?) as Mrs. Wiggs herself. At any rate, the stories that Mrs. Riggs can tell of the blunders committed by intelligent and cultured persons concerning her identity almost pass belief. "Dear Miss Wiggins," blandly writes the unknown and admiring correspondent, "will you kindly send me your autograph? I should prefer a quotation from Rebecca or Mrs. Wigga." Even those who do not go so far as to confuse her with Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, too often insist on endowing her with a superfluous *s* or two, and write her name, "Kate Douglass Wiggins." No wonder she has despairingly exclaimed: "Unless I have my tombstone carved during my lifetime, they will put an *s* on Wiggin and a double *s* on Douglas. If there is room at the bottom they will probably add: 'Here lies the author of "Mrs. Wiggs"!"

NATIVE LITERATURE IN INDIA, written in various dialects of that vast empire of many tongues, divers religions, and a bewildering variety of manners and customs, has experienced the quickening influence of the reactionary wave against things English that has lately been sweeping over the length and breadth

of the land. The vernacular writings of India must constitute a *terra incognita* for the mass of western readers, but it is interesting to note a few particulars from the literary letter of Mr. Saint Nihal Singh to a late number of the New York "Evening Post." "Many women," he says, "use their native dialects to write novels. Most of these are poor things, but some notable volumes have been issued. 'A Fatal Garland,' written by a Bengali woman, Mrs. Swarana Kumari Devi, in Bengal, recently Englished, is a powerful and fascinating romance of the days when Moslems ruled Bengal. . . . Many men, also, try their hand at fiction. Indeed, novels in the different dialects are becoming very popular in this country. Not only do the half-educated men devour them, but the middle-class and aristocratic women with primary schooling are greedy for them. As a rule, Indians write much better novels in their native tongues than they do in English," naturally enough, "and, as a result, several notable volumes have been produced during the last generation." Insatiable and all-pervading is the story-hunger; and the demand will always, in the end, evoke the supply.

A MARVEL OF LEXICOGRAPHIC INDUSTRY, in the shape of a Gaelic dictionary, the first complete work of its kind, will presently be available for those comparatively few enthusiasts who never weary of singing the praises of that language and its ballad literature. Mr. Edward Dwelly, of Herne Bay in Kent, has for thirty years been gathering material, in the native habitat of the Gael, for this *magnum opus* of his. Twelve hundred pounds, saved in ten years from his modest earnings as a London clerk, have cheerfully been devoted to the great work; and for lack of a publisher bold enough to undertake its issue, the compiler himself has provided himself with a hand press, learned the mysteries of typesetting, stereotyping, and printing, and at last the final sheets have been struck off and the book itself, in three volumes and containing a vocabulary of more than eighty thousand words, is on the point of becoming an assured fact. A touching tale is told of the inexorable necessity that forced Mr. Dwelly to part with his painfully-acquired Gaelic library in order to complete the printing of the dictionary. It is also reported that he receives a civil list pension of fifty pounds a year, and it has been suggested that he be knighted. He certainly deserves the honor.

THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY REPORT can, in these days of cheap and effective half-tone reproductions of photographs, be made a rather imposing and really artistic piece of work. Not only do exterior views show up well in this species of mechanically faithful illustration, but interiors, even those of small rooms, are handsomely and often flatteringly rendered. As is well known to the amateur photographer, a room no larger than the cramped cubicle of a college student can by means of the camera be

made to appear almost like a bedchamber of state. Hence the pleasing vistas offered to the eye of one turning the leaves of an illustrated annual report of some public library. Children's rooms, thronged with prodigiously studious and sedate infants, have an astonishing air of spaciousness bordering on magnificence. Even the frouzy habitués of the newspaper reading-room, being all reduced to uniform tone and complexion, have a beguiling aspect of neatness and order. These somewhat trite observations are prompted by the inviting appearance of the Seattle Public Library's Twentieth Annual Report, just come out of the far Northwest with fifteen agreeable pictures to enliven the statistical monotony of its chronicle of recent progress. Decidedly, we should advise the librarian who wishes to impress his community favorably in his yearly report, to illustrate that report generously with the aid of the camera, though of course no librarian worthy of his calling will allow the pictures to cover a multitude or even a smaller number of sins in the administration of his high office.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE TO THE FOREIGNER seeking to gain a knowledge of our manners and customs, our laws and institutions, could advantageously be rendered, writes Mr. John Cotton Dana to the New York "Evening Post," through the columns of the many journals in foreign languages that are published in this country. "We may be sure," says Mr. Dana, "that the editors of almost every one of these publications would be pleased to publish material coming from a reliable source which would be helpful to their readers in learning about America, its history, laws, and its customs. This would be true even of the editors of radical journals in foreign languages, for they all hold to the value to their makers [readers?] of education in American ways." He adds a list of journals, other than French and German, published in alien tongues in this country. They number five hundred and thirty-two, with a combined circulation of three million one hundred and eighty-one thousand, and embrace twenty-seven languages, including even Slovenian, Welsh, Chinese, Japanese, Croatian, Lithuanian, Ruthenian, Bulgarian, Armenian, and Arabic. Our German and French newspapers, numbering six hundred and thirty-two and six hundred and thirty-four respectively have a combined circulation of one million six hundred thousand. Mr. Dana's suggestion, if widely acted upon, could hardly fail to produce important results.

FACILITIES FOR STUDY IN ROME have recently been made more abundant and attractive than ever before for American students. The American Academy in that city, an outgrowth of the American School of Architecture, and chartered by act of Congress in 1905, has now been united with the American School of Classical Studies, which has been doing excellent work on an inadequate financial basis since 1895. But the consolidated Academy will

enjoy the income from a fund of considerable proportions. Generous gifts have been received from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Henry Walters of Baltimore, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Mr. James Stillman, Mr. Henry C. Frick, and a Harvard graduate who prefers to remain anonymous. One hundred thousand dollars from each of these men, another hundred thousand from various givers as a memorial tribute to the late Charles F. McKim, and, subject to the life interest of his daughter, two hundred thousand from Mr. McKim's estate—these gifts bring the endowment up to a substantial sum and, so far as mere endowment can do it, give promise that the Academy will take rank among the foremost institutions of its kind.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SEVENTYPENNY REPRINTS now issuing from the Nelsons' standardized book-factory in Edinburgh at the rate of twenty-five thousand volumes a day is something surprising. It is reported that the publishers have now sold seven million volumes and that still the public is crying for more. Even with a liberal discount this announcement is enough to arrest the reader's eye and to make him hope well of a nation that indulges so generously in the purchase of its literary masterpieces. Moreover, it is interesting to learn that the publishers of this popular series have invaded foreign territory with their cheap and serviceable reprints and are doing a large business in supplying the French with a "Collection Nelson" at a franc and a half a volume, and in printing for a German house a very successful edition of pocket volumes for Teutonic lovers of the inexpensive and handy in literature. If this publishing enterprise accomplishes nothing more for the world's civilization than to diminish the excessive reading of daily newspapers, it will have justified itself to mankind.

AN UNEXPECTED AGITATOR AGAINST UNCUT LEAVES comes into newspaper publicity in the person of that meditative recluse, the author of "The House of Quiet," "Beside Still Waters," and "The Silent Isle." That Mr. Arthur C. Benson should shatter our pleasing illusions as to his hermit habits by this unlooked-for announcement that he is a busy man, that he grudges the time spent in cutting the leaves of books, and that he regards an uncut book as an "unfinished article" and a "most irritating survival of barbarism," is indeed grievous when we had fondly pictured him as sitting of an evening in dressing-gown and slippers before his cheerful fire, paper-knife in one hand and a new book in the other, leisurely laying open its virgin pages, and protracting his enjoyment by cutting only as he went along. A hard-pressed reviewer may pardonably demand machine-trimmed volumes for his professional handling; but a dweller in the "Silent Isle" should take æsthetic delight in leaves whose fair margins have suffered no detriment, and whose feathered edges (after the reader's ivory cutter has performed its function) so gently caress the hand.



AN INCENTIVE TO FRENCH NOVELISTS to aim high, and to be content with nothing short of the best that is in them, has been wisely provided by the French Academy. At its meeting of March 2 it was decided to found a new "Grand Prix" in literature,—a prize of ten thousand francs, to be conferred annually on the author of a work (published within the two preceding years) in the department of fiction; or, more specifically, the book is to be a novel or other imaginative prose production, but it must be "d'une inspiration élevée." This is well. While history, poetry, criticism, philosophy, and other branches of literary art have had their public honors and recognitions in France, the novel has been left to its fate; and this although novelists have been freely admitted to membership in the Academy. The tone of French fiction, though not so low as seems to be indicated by the bulk of yellow-covered novels that reach the outside world, can well bear a considerable elevation.

A BOHEMIAN TRIBUTE TO AN INDIAN AUTHOR takes the shape of a request that Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman will allow the chapter on "Barbarism and the Moral Code" in his book "The Soul of the Indian," elsewhere noticed in this issue, to be translated into the language of the Czech. The rare quality of this fine study of the Indian (even though he be an idealized Indian) cannot fail of wide and appreciative recognition. The whole book ought to be translated, not only into Bohemian, but into many other languages, as a commentary on and a lesson to the Christian civilization which our Sioux author finds to be naught but an empty name. There is such a thing as Christianity, and there is something that is called civilization; but the two have not been welded together, so far as he can discover.

ANOTHER FREAK OF MISPRONUNCIATION is chronicled in an editorial note in the Boston "Transcript," apropos of our late reference to "mised" and the letter it elicited from Miss Richards. After quoting the latter's communication, the "Transcript" writer continues with a story about Richard Mansfield and the word "awry." A long-standing member of his company declared that he never heard Mansfield pronounce the word otherwise than "aw-ry," and indeed it is said that at a rehearsal of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" he astonished his fellow-actors by expressly insisting on that pronunciation. The imitative or, as the grammarians would say, the onomatopoeic quality of "aw-ry" does in truth have much to commend it, and one can readily understand Mansfield's unwillingness to discard the word in favor of "a-wry."

ROOF-GARDEN READING-ROOMS FOR BOSTON are in prospect. If the plans of the trustees of the public library of that city are carried out, the old church of St. John the Baptist at the North End will be bought and converted into a branch library

having two stories and a roof-garden, thus providing the first of what we hope may be a series of open-air reading-rooms for Boston readers. To the North-Enders, largely the children of sunny Italy, such a resort for physical and intellectual refreshment should prove especially welcome.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE ALCOTT MEMORIAL.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I am glad to see that a movement is on foot to preserve the Alcott Home in Concord. The pleasure of a very happy first visit to Concord some three years ago was sadly marred for me by the appearance of this spot, which should be held sacred by every American and English girl and boy,—for thousands of English girls and boys love "Little Women" and admire its author as much as do their cousins here.

I raised my feeble voice for its preservation at the time, but it was not strong enough to be heard. Now that one of the many-voiced Women's Clubs has taken the matter up, I hope that the Federation will endorse and support its action. If every woman's club in America will aid in the movement, and if an effort is also made to enlist sympathy in England, there is no doubt that there will soon be an Alcott Memorial at Concord and that the reproach of the present condition of the old house will be wiped out. CHARLES WEISH.

Scranton, Pa., March 22, 1911.

### TOMBSTONES AS A SOURCE OF HISTORICAL INFORMATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A unique source was recently made use of in the Texas State Library for securing a bit of fugitive information. The day of the month of the death of former Governor Hardin R. Runnels was desired. The year (1873) was noted in most biographical sketches, but neither month nor day was given. The historical archives of the library possessed a photograph of the grave of the former Governor, in Bowie County. The date on the tombstone was discernible in the photograph—December 25, 1873. Of course the newspapers of 1873 could have been searched, but a weary hunt was thus avoided. The tombstone inscription or its photograph as a source of modern contemporary history is not an immediate rival of the Etruscan or Runic remains, but it is well to remember that it will have in time its paleographical significance, as well as an occasional present use.

JOHN BOYNTON KAISER.

Texas Library and Historical Commission,  
Austin, Texas, March 24, 1911.

### THE BYRON MANUSCRIPT.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your courtesy in sending us an advance clipping of your issue containing a Mr. Tannenbaum's opinion of the Byron poem recently acquired by us is very greatly appreciated. In reply to that gentleman, permit us to say we have documents which prove the absolute authenticity of the manuscript, and we trace its pedigree from the time it left Byron's hands.

CHAS. J. SAWYER.

London, March 15, 1911.

## The New Books.

### THREE PLAYS FOR ICONOCLASTS.\*

There is far too much of writing about Mr. George Bernard Shaw — except when Mr. Shaw does it. The thing to do with Mr. Shaw is to read him. Whatever else may be thought of him, it cannot be denied that he excites thought. Unfortunately, also, — or perhaps Mr. Shaw would prefer us to say fortunately, — he generally excites feeling. And as most thought is muddled, and strong feeling always tends to a confusion of issues, the result to the reading public is a slightly helpful consideration of vital questions and a more or less complete misunderstanding of Mr. Shaw. Now all this would change instantly if the reading public could be persuaded to attack Mr. Shaw direct, including his Prefaces, instead of persisting in going to lectures about him. For Mr. Shaw's style certainly possesses two out of the three attributes demanded by some old-time textbooks of rhetoric. It can surely lay claim to clearness and to force; as for elegance, that is, as always, a matter of opinion. But how Mr. Shaw's meaning can ever be a matter of opinion is beyond our comprehension. His reputation for being "difficult" must have sprung entirely from a few jesting epigrams of his own and a great deal of over-serious, under-digested comment from intellectually-lazy critics.

Mr. Shaw's new book of plays has been so long on the way to us that it is more than ever superfluous to write about it at length. All the plays have been performed, or refused performance, in London and other European cities; and reviews of them and echoes of the bitter controversies they evoked have reached our distant shores — no longer distant as regards dramatic enterprises. The newest thing about the new volume is therefore the Prefaces, which occupy considerably more than half its pages.

Mr. Shaw belongs to a choice, if varied, company of English playwrights and novelists who are grouped definitely in the minds of many of us as Men of Ideas. Mr. Galsworthy is one of them, and the much-discussed Mr. Wells, and (with a very different emphasis) Mr. Arnold Bennett. Mr. Chesterton also "belongs," but he is an essayist, and essayists are expected and even encouraged to have ideas;

whereas novelists and playwrights occasionally subsist without them, and many novel-readers even go so far as strongly to resent being obliged to moderate the romantic pleasure of reading with the unpleasant scrutiny of life in its unromantic and problematical phases.

One difference between Mr. Shaw and his colleagues is that he has learned rather better than they, in the bitter school of experience, to distrust the reading public's understanding. Mr. Wells may conceivably have abandoned the writing of essays and returned to the writing of novels, in order to widen his public. "The New Machiavelli," whatever else may be said of it, stands a chance of being at least begun by many persons who would keep their distance from un-sugar-coated sociological discussions like "New Worlds for Old" and "The Future of America." Of course many tentative investigators of "The New Machiavelli" will resent the peculiar combination therein effected by Mr. Wells, and abandon him entirely hereafter. But, though he has perhaps gone too far technically in his latest attempt to make the novel-reading public think, the new *genre* has come to stay; a small but influential section of the reading public recognizes that it is, to quote one of them, "a deadly delight" to think, and they refuse to substitute therefor the placid pretty interest evoked by a Christy-girl's love affairs, the tense excitement born of a Sherlock Holmes man-hunt, or any of the fifty-seven other inanities cleverly employed — often with a quite admirable technique, a style worthy of clothing better things — by that curiously knowing person generally described as a Best-Seller.

Realizing (as being of at least average intelligence, he can hardly help doing if he ever reads his press-notices or engages admiring readers in conversation) the rarity of clear thinking, the muddle-headedness that so often accompanies the most earnest efforts to assimilate new ideas, and the strength of the tradition that one goes to the theatre to be amused and reads plays as a poor substitute for going to the theatre, Mr. Shaw has astutely armed himself with a two-edged sword: the Play and the Preface. The frivolous reader in search of mere amusement will undeniably find it in any Shaw play, together with hints and innuendoes, which, if he be not an inveterate "skipper," must give him a few moments' pause. The clever, clear-headed reader does not need the Preface, but he will take infinite delight in its cleverness; one valuable bird has thus been

\*THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, GETTING MARRIED, and THE SHEWING-UP OF BLANCO POSNET. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

hit with two stones. The earnest plodding reader will sigh with relief at the prefatory prospect of finding out, not without much plodding effort, what that queer Mr. Shaw is really driving at. And, lastly, the reader who cannot "go" plays may be tempted by Mr. Shaw's brilliant resistless logic, and merciless even-tempered criticism, to "go" Prefaces.

The fame of the Prefaces is their justification; it is also the astute Mr. Shaw's justification for having developed them, in his new book, to a bulk and an elaborateness and fine finish of argument that make them equally important with the plays which they introduce. "The Doctor's Dilemma," the first of the three plays in the new volume, is a five-act comedy, which, besides setting forth and developing an extremely interesting, because human as well as medical, dilemma, presents studies both instructive and entertaining of five doctors, one wealthy patent-medicine vendor, one artist, one journalist, one ugly and intelligent serving-woman, and one beautiful, determined, and efficient if not intelligent Lady. The Preface knocks down the idol popularly known as the nobility of the medical profession, throws all the blame for present conditions on an anti-Socialistic public, and thus sets up the idol again higher than before, in so-called paradoxical Shaw fashion. Vivisection, vaccination, fumigation, the eating of meat, and other popular misconceptions are discussed *en route* to a remedy for everything, including poverty; that remedy being Organization and Public Control. The essay is a splendid bit of controversial writing, and its incidental wit is delicious. It is worth reading for one epithet alone, employed when Mr. Shaw characterizes the average doctor as "made of the same clay as the ignorant, shallow, credulous, half-miseducated, pecuniarily anxious people who call him in." "Half-miseducated" is a creation of genius. In both this and the Preface to "Getting Married," which is introduced by a very frank discussion of the marriage question, there are many phrases taken bodily from the plays, and all the best points of the Prefaces are incipient in the plays — for those who can read a little between lines.

"The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet" serves Mr. Shaw as a horrible example of the intelligence of an English Stage Censor. The preface, which is more than twice as long as the one-act drama it precedes, contains a lively account of how a "Joint Select Committee" of Lords and Commons investigated the whole subject of the Censorship, including Mr. Shaw, who states

plainly that he made the committee "wildly angry," and adds that only "public experience and skill in acting" enabled him "to maintain an appearance of imperturbable good-humor" when, in fact, he was "equally furious." The play which follows is the most striking in the new group. Instead of the company of conventional middle-class English people that Mr. Shaw usually assembles for his dramatic purposes, we have here a mob of riotous, half-drunken cow-punchers in a Western American mining camp, intent, with the aid of some women as bad as themselves, on hanging a horse-thief. In Blanco Posnet's plain-spoken view of the situation, he is up against a "rotten jury" in a "rotten town" in a "rotten world"; and he naturally sees God in terms of the "rotten game" of life that they are all playing, — a conception which the Censor held to be blasphemous and wished to expurgate. But when Blanco, most reluctantly, discovers that, besides the "rotten game," there is also a "great game," he is "for it every time"; and he launches forth at once upon an eager, vivid account of his new view of God and the "jobs" He has for them all to do. The sheriff and the jury do not understand his change of heart very well, and the Censor must have shared their difficulty. He may have been somewhat confused by the unfamiliar Western American atmosphere and the American slang. There is a sort of primitive force and fire in the one short, lurid scene of this piece, with its quick play of comedy, pathos, and tragedy, its elemental passions, and its picturesque uncouth imagery, that suggests Synge's "Playboy"; and it is interesting to know that the Irish National Theatre, which has brought Synge's plays before the world, has given "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet" a completely triumphant public performance.

"Getting Married" is as refreshingly comic as anything Mr. Shaw has written; "The Doctor's Dilemma" is as deliberately and painstakingly fair-minded. Dubedat and Emmy and Sir Patrick, the Mayoress and Collins (the green-grocer-alderman), Blanco and Elder Daniels, are notable additions to the Shaw gallery; but so is practically every character in the three plays. Mr. Shaw has gained in expressiveness without losing his subtlety. He has chosen bigger issues than usual, and he hits a little straighter and a little harder, but not so strenuously as to spoil his impersonal enjoyment of the fray. More people than the Censorship committee will go "dancing mad"



over this his latest exuberance. And it is very small credit to Mr. Shaw that "public experience and skill in acting" enable him "to maintain an appearance of imperturbable good-humor"; for in the end Mr. Shaw always wins,—a consummation conducing to serenity, gaiety, audacity, and full appreciation of the "deadly delight" of straight thinking.

We have tried to keep to the main point: that the thing to do is to read Mr. Shaw. Comparative rating of a man's mature works means little. It is enough to say here that this man is too conscientious to fall below his level, and too much alive not to rise with each fresh achievement to a keener, finer, kindlier appreciation of life and his relation to it. We have waited long and eagerly for these plays. Even those of us who are doomed to go "dancing mad" over them will admit, we think, that they were worth waiting for.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

#### OF PUBLISHING AND PUBLISHERS.\*

The manifest opportunity for interesting literary anecdote that offers itself to the writer on the history of book-publishing and book-selling has been grasped with both hands by Mr. Frank A. Mumby in his copious work on "The Romance of Book Selling." Nearly five hundred compact octavo pages are filled with instructive and entertaining matter collected from sources whose unsuspected abundance is revealed in an appended bibliography (compiled by Mr. W. H. Peet) containing about six hundred items. But the title chosen for his book by Mr. Mumby is a little misleading, since it is to English book *publishing* that he almost exclusively confines his attention, although a perfunctory chapter of twelve pages on "The Beginnings of the Book World" opens the volume. In his Preface, however, he explains the real plan of the work, which is to give, for the first time, something like a connected and adequate history of the trade in books in his own country. "Ten ordinary histories of kings and courtiers," said Carlyle, "were well exchanged against the tenth part of one good History of Booksellers." This saying had been so often met with by Mr. Mumby that at last he felt ashamed to face it again until he had done something to remove the reproach that seemed to lie

hidden in the words, since he himself had undertaken a series of "Histories of Kings and Courtiers."

With a preliminary glance at the baked clay tablets of Babylonia and Assyria, which we are wont to regard as the beginnings of literature although we have no assurance that recorded speech may not date back hundreds or even thousands of years earlier, the author dwells more at length on what little is known of the book trade in ancient Greece and Rome. The rigors of censorship under some of the Roman emperors are briefly recalled. Domitian, according to Suetonius, not only went so far as to put the historian Hermogenes of Tarsus to death because of certain passages in that author's writings to which the tyrant objected, but he even crucified the copyists who had been engaged on the work. Concerning the business relations between authors and publishers in classic times we are left in the dark, with expert opinion about evenly divided on the question whether or not the author received any more tangible returns than fame from the publication of his books. With no copyright law, and with the multiplication of copies reduced to the simple process of transcribing, by cheap slave labor, it is difficult to see how any satisfactory system of royalties could have been devised. Mr. Mumby sides with the negative and believes the author to have received no payment from his publisher. But in a letter from Cicero to Atticus, as quoted in this connection, we read: "You have sold my discourse on Ligarius so well that I shall entrust you with this duty for all my future works." Is that exactly the language in which the astute Tully would have written to a publisher with whom his relations were merely those of friendship and a common interest in the cause of letters?

The bulk of Mr. Mumby's work concerns itself, as already indicated, with the history and traditions of the English book trade, and its pages are enriched with the names and achievements of such famous masters of that trade as Caxton, John Day, Jacob Tonson, Robert Dodsley, Edward Cave, and the Blackwoods, Macmillans, and Longmans of a more recent period. The first beginnings, too, of the historic Stationers' Company are traced in the penumbral antiquity of five centuries ago; and the earliest copyright law of the realm, or, in fact, of any country,—the Act of Parliament of the year 1709,—is duly recorded. Also, the history of the publication of such important works as the English Bible, Shakespeare's plays

\* THE ROMANCE OF BOOK SELLING. A History from the Earliest Times to the Twentieth Century. By Frank A. Mumby. With a Bibliography by W. H. Peet. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

and poems, Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Johnson's Dictionary, receives appropriate attention from the author. The final chapter, devoted to "Publishers of To-day," contains an account of the Oxford University Press, the Cambridge University Press, the Murray publishing-house, the Bohn Libraries, and the fortunes of other recent enterprises in the book world, closing with a review of the rapid rise of Mr. William Heinemann to that commanding position in the publishing business which was fitly recognized in his recent election to the presidency of the Publishers' Association.

An instructive glimpse of the book-seller, or stationer, of the early seventeenth century is given in George Wither's "Schollers Purgatory," where both the honest and the dishonest dealer are quaintly described. The honest stationer is thus pictured in a passage quoted by Mr. Mumby:

"An honest Stationer is he, that exercizeth his mystery (whether it be in printing, bynding, or selling of Bookes) with more respect to the glory of God, and the publike advantage, than to his owne commodity: and is both an ornament, and a profitable member of a civill Commonwealth. He is the Caterer that gathers together provision to satisfy the curious appetite of the Soule, and is carefull to his powre that whatsoever he provides shal be such as may not poyson or distemper the understanding. And, seeing the State intrusteth him with the disposing of those Bookes which may both profit and hurt, as they are applied, (like a discreet Apothecary in selling poysonous druggs) he observes by whom, and to what purpose, such bookes are likely to be bought up, before he will deliver them out of his hands. If he be a Printer he makes conscience to exemplify his Coppie, i.e., to compose his book fayrely, and truly. If he be a Bookebynder; he is carefull his work may bee strong and serviceable. If he be a seller of Bookes, he is no meere Bookeseller (that is) one who selleth meere ynnck and paper bundled up together for his owne advantage only; but he is the Chapman of Arts, of wisdom, and of much experience for a little money. He would not publish a booke tending to schisme, or prophannesse, for the greatest gain; and if you see in his shopp, any bookes vaine or impertinent it is not so much to be imputed to his fault, as to the vanity of the Tymes: For when bookes come forth allowed by authority, he holds it his duty, rather to sell them, than to censure them: Yet, he meddles as little as he can, with such as he is truly perswaded are pernicious, or altogether unprofitable."

It is doubtless not generally known that as early as 1786 an association of authors, or, as it was formally named, a "Society for the Encouragement of Learning," was organized by certain men of letters actuated by the same motives that were to call into being a similar society after the lapse of a century and a half. The benevolent purpose was "to assist authors in the publication, and to secure them the

entire profits of their own works." No less a personage than the Duke of Richmond acted as president of this association, and on its committee of management were other noblemen as well as scholars and authors of repute. After a fine flourish of trumpets it began with a membership of more than a hundred, its secretary being one Alexander Gordon, who had already, we are told, "made a trial of all the ways by which a man could get an honest livelihood." That the book-sellers looked askance at this hopeful band of Encouragers of Learning, and that its corporate existence covered no more than thirteen years of heroic struggle and desperate effort, does not surprise us now in the retrospect, however laudable its purpose and however disinterested its management. Few books, and none of the first importance, seem to have come in the way of the Society for publication, though it is comforting to learn from an account based on its manuscript volumes of "Proceedings," now in the British Museum, that the promoters of the enterprise "closed their humane and honoured exertions by balancing the accounts of the association and bestowing the residue of their funds upon that noble charity, the Foundling Hospital. At this time the Duke of Leeds was President, and the sum so congenially appropriated was £24 12s.—the last legacy from the Foundlings of Literature to the hardly more forlorn Foundlings of Benevolence."

Passing now to a considerably later period, we read concerning Henry George Bohn, held in grateful remembrance by many a classicist, that at least nine collections or "libraries," besides the set of translations from the Greek and Latin, bore his name.

"Some six hundred volumes altogether—standard works of every country in Europe—were added by Bohn before he retired, after doing 'as much for literature,' said Emerson, 'as railroads have done for internal intercourse.' Bohn himself selected most of the volumes included, and the list furnishes striking proof of his immense knowledge of European literature. His linguistic accomplishments—he could speak five modern languages, besides being a Greek and Latin scholar—were here of the utmost service to him, and also enabled him to translate several of the volumes which are still included in the series of 'Foreign Classics.' He contributed in various ways to many other volumes in his libraries, besides writing for the Philobiblon Society 'The Origin and Progress of Printing' (1857) and 'A Biography and Bibliography of Shakespeare' (1863)."

Among matters of miscellaneous interest in Mr. Mumby's generously inclusive volume is an account of the invention of the famous Oxford India paper, whose combined toughness, thinness, and opaqueness are the wonder of the

book world. It was in 1875 that, through the energy of Mr. Frowde, the secret was discovered by persistent experimentation, and an edition of the Bible was published similar in all respects to the two dozen copies printed in 1842 on paper brought by an Oxford graduate from India, and never before successfully imitated. Except to the officials of the Wolvercote Mills, the paper still remains a mystery, and in the place of its manufacture no workman is allowed to understand more than one of the steps that lead to its production.

In conclusion, it may be said that Mr. Mumby's is undoubtedly the fullest and most generally informing book that has yet appeared on the rise and progress of English publishing and book-selling. Its illustrations are many and well-chosen, and its thirty-eight-page bibliography (reprinted, with additions, from "Notes and Queries") is of an exhaustiveness that ought to satisfy even the most enthusiastic specialist.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### AMERICAN FOLK-SONGS.\*

Most text books on literature begin by defining their subject in a way that excludes the primal form of literature—oral literature. Folk-songs are one kind of oral literature.

Professor Francis J. Child's great collection of "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" was published at intervals from 1882 to 1898, the final part appearing after the editor's death. For some ten years before 1882, as he tells us in Part I., Professor Child had been endeavoring "to stimulate collection from tradition in England, Canada, and the United States"; and he was much disappointed that the returns were so meagre. Later developments have made it clear that Child's original impression was correct, and that many excellent ballad versions were in existence in America that he had failed to secure. Indeed, a few striking versions of this kind came to him after the above words were in print, and appeared in the later parts of his work. Noteworthy among these are: "The Hangman's Tree" (p. xxv. in the one-volume edition of Child), a form of No. 95, "The Maid Freed from the Gallows"; and a version of No. 79, "The Wife of Usher's Well," (in the one-volume Child), into which has come

some striking Christian mythology. Both of these were obtained among illiterate people by Miss Backus of North Carolina.

It has long been known that the folk-songs flourish among some isolated communities in the Appalachian Mountains. Professor H. G. Shearin of Hamilton College, Lexington, Kentucky, is an enthusiastic collector, and he has persuaded several others to give their treasures into his keeping. He writes the present reviewer that "Eastern Kentucky is a surprisingly rich field." The entire collection now in his hands consists of at least 274 separate folk-songs—song-ballads, lyrics, dance-songs, jigs, play-songs, and number-songs." In this estimate, variants are not counted, though "it is very hard, at times, to distinguish between an independent ballad and a variant." This is an astonishing body of folk-poetry, and should be published in full. Child's great work contains 305 separate ballads. Rev. W. E. Barton, of Oak Park, Illinois, collected the songs of the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains nearly twenty-five years ago, when living in that region, preserving both the words and the music.

But we have made a mistake in thinking of isolated mountain regions as almost the sole places where American folk-songs can be found. In the "Journal of American Folk-Lore" for 1905, Mr. Phillips Barry of Boston published nearly fifty octavo pages of good versions of fourteen of the ballads in Child, accompanied by the airs to which he found them sung. These were collected during two years, the best of them coming from Vermont, the greater number from Massachusetts. These versions were waiting discovery at Child's very doorstep. Mr. Barry squarely opposes the usual view when he says:

"Unrecognized in its extent, if not indeed unknown as an element in American literature, is a widespread undercurrent of traditional folk-song. Popular poetry, even of the better sort, is by no means yet dead; it lives on in every part of our broad land, as well in the heart of the populous city as on the lonely hillside. . . . Scattered over the country, versions of several ballads . . . have been known to collectors for some time, supposed to be the last fading flowers of popular poetry in the New World. It seems, however, not to have occurred to the collectors to draw an inference from the excellent condition in which they found them preserved. A ballad extinct, or nearly so, appears in a short and mutilated form; if it still retains the main facts of the story, and especially if the air has been preserved, its life is not yet ended, or near an end. New England, the oldest portion of our country, contrary to what has been supposed, is still the home of a large amount of traditional folk-song, much of it of the best order."

\* COWBOY SONGS, AND OTHER FRONTIER BALLADS. Collected by John A. Lomax, of the University of Texas, Sheldon Fellow of Harvard University for the Investigation of American Ballads. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.



In the same Journal for 1909 Mr. Barry says concerning the ballad-tunes:

"The melodies to which folk-songs are sung in America are of infinite variety, and in many instances rarely beautiful. To this source the composer of the future, who shall found a school of American music, will turn for his inspiration."

Professor H. M. Belden, of the University of Missouri, and the Missouri Folk-Lore Society have found more than 150 different songs in oral tradition in that State. Through his pupils the present writer has obtained some excellent versions of older British ballads,—for example, an Indiana variant of "The Two Brothers" that is more effective than any form given in Child.

Nearly or quite thirty of the choicest ballads in Child's collection live in oral tradition in different parts of the United States. Among those most common in the North Central States are: No. 4, "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight" (in America the cruel husband has no supernatural character); 12, "Lord Randal"; 73, "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet [and the Brown Girl]"; 84, "Bonny [or Cruel] Barbara Allen."

Another mistake in the study of our folk-songs has been to give attention too exclusively to ballads of British origin, especially the older ones to be found in Child. Professor Gummere has insisted strenuously that the making of ballads is "a closed account" ("The Beginnings of Poetry," p. 163). We have obediently closed the account by shutting our ears to the many songs of native origin current in tradition. These are inferior in literary value to the older ballads, but they deserve our attention.

More than forty years ago I heard the ballad of "Springfield Mountain" sung in Western Massachusetts. It began:

"On Springfield Mountain there did dwell  
A lovely youth I knew full well.  
Timmy-rye, timmy-ray, timmy-riddy-iddy-ay."

Some twenty different versions of this song have been published, Mr. Barry also printing several melodies to which it is sung. "The Springfield Weekly Republican" of Oct. 8, 1908, prints the original poem from which this song is believed to have sprung. It tells of the death, from the bite of a rattlesnake, of Timothy Merriek of Wilbraham, Mass., in 1761, when "very nigh marriage." Many versions of "Springfield Mountain" contain laughable touches; but the best ones are both more musical and more effective than the original poem, and they tell the story in a very different way. This song is now widely diffused; it has

been found in tradition in many of the States of the Union.

In commenting on this song, the "Springfield Republican" suggests a theory concerning the making of our older ballads, when it says that "it was not until [the ballads] had been repeated from sire to son down several centuries, until they had been filtered, as it were, through many better minds than those of the authors, that the flaws were eliminated and the folk-songs as we know them now had emerged."

The ballad of "Young Charlotte," who is frozen to death while being driven by her lover to attend a party, is also widely diffused, but the different versions agree closely. The present writer obtained the song in Kansas. Mr. Barry tells me that the author is William Carter, of Benson, Vermont.

Professor John A. Lomax's interesting and valuable volume of "Cowboy Songs" consists mainly of songs that originated in America. A letter from ex-President Roosevelt commends the book to public favor. Though all the songs included have been found in the possession of the cowboys, the themes are widely various. Logging, the saw-mill, Indian warfare, the Mexican War, the Civil War, trapping, gold-mining, stage-driving, railroading, all contribute songs. One song is the meditation of a Boston burglar in prison at Charleston, Mass.; another has its scene in Australia; one of the many outlaw ballads tells of robbing on "the famed Hounsflow heath."

One ballad glorifies Jesse James. It is somewhat widely known. Miss Louise R. Bascom tells us, in the "Journal of American Folk-Lore" for 1909, that the heroic ballads of Western North Carolina "cluster for the most part around Jesse James." The song which she prints has much in common with that in Lomax. I have heard before of the existence of a group of ballads about Jesse James. I am inclined to conjecture that some of the other songs of outlaw life have been transferred to Jesse James. We know that some English ballads became attached to Robin Hood that did not originally concern him.

Professor Lomax prints "Young Charlotte," and a stammering version of "Springfield Mountain" entitled "Rattlesnake — A Ranch Haying Song." Here is a specimen stanza:

"O John, O Joh-wa-wahn,  
Why did you go-wo-wo  
Way down in the mea-we-we-dow  
So far to mo-wo-wow?  
To my rattle, to my roo-rah-ree!"

American versions of the older British ballads seem to have been left out of this volume of set purpose, though "The Old Man under the Hill" is a form of Child No. 278, "The Farmer's Curs't Wife."

The first song in the book, "The Dying Cowboy," has a strange history. Mr. Barry has pointed out that it is a transformation of a song well known in the Atlantic coast states as "The Burial at Sea." The following parallel stanzas show how the ocean song has suffered a land-change into something new and strange:

"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,  
Where the billow's shroud shall roll o'er me,  
Where no light can break through the dark, cold  
wave,  
Or the sun shine sweetly upon my grave."

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,  
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,  
Where the buzzard beats and the wind goes free,  
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."

The cowboy songs proper are the most important element in the book. They vary greatly, and are of unequal merit; but they all have an interesting flavor of real life. Three of them portray the Last Judgment in striking fashion under the symbol of a great "round-up" (pp. 248, 18, 282). Some of the songs show stinging satiric power, e.g., "Hell in Texas." In the case of eighteen of the songs, the melodies to which they are sung are also printed. There are many literary echoes in the book. "The Last Longhorn" imitates the cadences of "Bingen on the Rhine." Kipling begot "The Boozier," though some one else composed it.

Professor Lomax has been appointed by Harvard University "Sheldon Fellow for the Investigation of American Ballads." He desires to collect folk-songs of every kind,—lumber songs, sailors' chanteys, mining songs, army songs, fishing songs, etc. He may be addressed at the University of Texas, Austin, Texas. He is especially interested at present in the native songs of the negroes. He says: "No work worth mentioning has been done in this field, and both the words and the music of the negro ballads are of far more intrinsic interest even than the cowboy songs themselves."

ALBERT H. TOLMAN.

The first part of the long-awaited third edition of Dr. J. G. Frazer's "Golden Bough" will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. This division of the work deals with "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings," and in the present revised and enlarged edition it occupies two substantial volumes.

#### THE RISE OF THE ELDER PITT.\*

The statesmen of England are frequently more than mere politicians—they belong to other guilds as well. Though much of their strength is spent in the service of state or party, they have time and energy left for other labors of serious intellectual character,—for history, philosophy, theology, and literature. This fact has long been accepted as a commonplace, and the world no longer expresses surprise when Lord Morley or Mr. Balfour adds another title to the current book list.

Among these literary statesmen, Lord Rosebery has long held high rank. Recently the genial peer has been thought of in connection with a serious political mission: he has undertaken to save the historic constitution of England by reforming and reconstituting the upper house. It would seem that the task of converting the nation, and particularly his fellow peers, to his present views would leave little time for historical research; but this has not been the case. During the past few months there has come from the press a new biography from his hand, this time a study in the early life of Lord Chatham. It is written in the author's brilliant though somewhat unconventional English, replete with enjoyable humor and striking characterizations, which make every page delightful reading. Lord Rosebery has a rare faculty for finding the kernel of interest, and for presenting it in a manner that never fails to leave an impression. Digressions are frequent, and sometimes they carry us far afield; but the subject is broadly stated, and the discussions of Pitt's "connections" often throw interesting side lights on the main theme.

Of the political battles in which the author was engaged when the book was taking form, we have almost no echoes; perhaps the only instance is in a paragraph where he discusses the cabinet changes in 1746 and adds half regretfully,—

"The great posts were mainly given to peers, while a peerage is now as regards office in the nature of an impediment, if not a disqualification. In those days an industrious duke, or even one like Grafton who was not industrious, could have almost what he chose."

At first thought one should be inclined to question the need of a new study of Chatham's career. Biographies both brief and extensive are accessible,—notably the three scholarly volumes of von Ruville and the earlier work of

\* LORD CHATHAM, *His Early Life and Connections*. By Lord Rosebery. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Thackeray, "who wrote his biography in quarto and who may be discriminated without difficulty from the genius of that name." Three reasons are advanced to justify the present undertaking: the need of a more sympathetic analysis, the need of a study directed toward the human side of the man, and the discovery of new materials.

Englishmen have not been satisfied with the cold searching analysis of von Ruville. A politician who was not always strictly honest, an orator who was constantly striving after theatrical effects, — can this be the real Pitt? Von Ruville's belief that the prospect of receiving large legacies determined Pitt's actions at certain important junctures is plausible, though scarcely proved. Nor do Englishmen like to think of Pitt as taking refuge with his old companion, the gout, when circumstances threatened to force the adoption of an American policy that he had formerly condemned. The announcement that Lord Rosebery was preparing a book on Chatham was, therefore, good news. Peculiarly fitting, it also seemed, that one who has himself directed the empire, one who knows the practical difficulties of statesmanship, should undertake the work.

It may be questioned, however, whether much has really been gained in the matter of interpretation: the theory of ethical weakness has apparently been replaced by one that supposes mental weakness.

"It is generally the gout or its allies which disable him; but later it is a disorder akin to if not identical with insanity. . . . From his ancestors, most probably the Governor, who, we infer, was a free liver in a tropical climate, he derived the curse of gout. From the same progenitor he inherited a nervous, violent temperament, and some taint of madness."

The conclusion is cautiously stated, but there can be no doubt as to the impression intended. The author states on the authority of Lord Shelburne that there was much madness in the Pitt family. The hypothesis is supported by the initial chapter of the work, on the eccentricities of the Pitts. It is a dismal story of domestic warfare, in which the hand of each seems to be turned against all the others. On this subject the author has been able to offer fresh information, drawn chiefly from a family document written by Pitt's nephew, the first Lord Camelford, for the enlightenment of his son. It is a terrible arraignment by one who was clearly in position to know, and who seems to have hated his relatives most cordially.

"Putting this violent prejudice on one side, this memorial . . . though too intimate for complete pub-

lication, is a priceless document. . . . It may be inaccurate, and biased and acrid, but it presents the family circle from within by one of themselves, and no more vivid picture can exist of that strange cockatrice brood of Pitts."

It is difficult to make allowance for prejudice, and it is to be feared that Lord Rosebery's use of the Camelford document is not always critical. There should be little hesitancy about accepting the facts that are given in the document, but the impressions and opinions of an ungrateful and hostile kinsman should be used with the greatest caution.

It was not Lord Rosebery's purpose to write a complete biography of William Pitt. Such a work, he tells us, cannot be written; except for the early years of his public career, the materials are wanting.

"Of his conversations, of his private life nothing, or little more than nothing, remains. Except on the one genial occasion on which Burke saw him tooling a jim-whiskey down to Stowe, we scarcely see a human touch. After his accession to office in 1756, his letters of pompous and sometimes abject circumlocution, intended partly to deceive his correspondent and partly to baffle the authorities of the Post Office, give no clue to his mind. He wrote an ordinary note as Rogers wrote an ordinary couplet. Even his love-letters are incurably stilted. There is no ease, no frankness, no self-revelation in anything that he wrote after he embarked actively in politics."

The study is therefore limited to the earlier years of Pitt's career, the long struggle to get into office. It closes when success is attained. Of those great years from 1757 to 1761, when Pitt was one of the dominating personal forces of the world, we are told nothing. But a man's public career is not biography, as Lord Rosebery defines the term; it is history. This limitation is a source of weakness as well as of strength: it gives unity and consistence to the work, but it also deprives it of a satisfactory ending. Just as the plot begins to thicken, the narrative ceases. After leading us to the threshold of a mighty career, the author suddenly stops without any attempt at further exploration.

The story, so far as it is told, is related with detailed completeness. It is the old story of intrigue and bickering and political immorality, one that is familiar to every student of eighteenth-century life and history. On the side of the narrative the author has brought out very little that has not long been known; his contribution is rather to be sought in his interpretation of the facts and in his attitude toward the important political characters of the time. George II. is painted in more favorable



colors than usual; he is even credited with the possession of certain kingly virtues. The Grenvilles come in for severe treatment, more severe, perhaps, than the family really deserves. An attempt is made to do fuller justice to Newcastle, but with slight success. The character of Pitt is traced with strong, firm lines: his is the grand soul struggling to realize a mighty ambition in sordid surroundings and in the companionship of mean men. In a study devoted principally to the human side of the subject, the author could, of course, not fail to find certain prominent weaknesses; but they are treated as unimportant.

"Whatever his failings may have been, his countrymen have refused, and rightly refused, to take heed of them. . . . With Pitt, as with Nelson, his country will not count flaws. What do they matter? How are they visible in the sunlight of achievement? A country must cherish and guard its heroes."

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

#### AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE MENACE OF GERMANY.\*

Since the *début* of America as a world-power, her pride in that new position has been manifested in several directions, not least of which is the literature on International Relations. To "America's Foreign Policy," by "A Diplomatist," recently reviewed in these columns, is now to be added a book by Captain Mahan on International Conditions, which may be set down as his tenth volume dealing more or less directly with world-politics. The burden of this volume, though it is not set forth too obtrusively, is the menace of Germany.

As introductory to this, the author recounts a number of facts in regard to the origin and character of present international groupings in Europe, which, though more or less commonplace in history, are necessary as a basis for an understanding of the present predominance of Germany. Only within the nineteenth century has she attained nationality and thereby become capable of playing an effective part in world-politics. The transformation from an agricultural to an industrial community since 1870 now forces her to seek new markets and to control them to her advantage. This is the meaning of her dreadnoughts, and those of her ally, Austria. Hitherto it has been the policy of Great Britain to maintain a two-power standard in her navy; but that is passing, and will

be no longer possible. The naval expenditure of Germany has risen from five millions a year in 1875 to a hundred millions a year. The relative decline of the naval power of Great Britain is not a matter of indifference to the United States, for the rivalry between Great Britain and Germany has already reached the danger-point.

More than this, Germany is none too friendly to us, being irritated by our two leading principles of external policy, the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door in the Far East. This was clearly evidenced in her attitude toward us in the Spanish War, and nothing has happened since to convince us that she is any more friendly to-day.

The only two nations capable of helping Great Britain are the United States and Japan; and this they must do in the Pacific Ocean by maintaining the balance of power there. The fact that the balance of naval power in Europe ties the German and British fleets to the North Sea, where they can watch each other, protects our own Atlantic coast and justifies shifting our naval force to the Pacific. Indeed, that is our greatest danger-line now, for it is there the open-door policy is likely to be attacked; and the attitude of Japan on that question is becoming open to doubt, if not suspicion, in view of recent negotiations between her and Russia and the rebuff to our proposal to neutralize the Manchurian Railway. All of these facts would seem to dictate the Pacific rather than the Atlantic as the station for our fleet.

Such, in outline, are the contentions of Captain Mahan with regard to the present situation in world-politics. The two definite things that stand out prominently in the book are the menace of Germany, and the desirability of shifting our naval forces to the Pacific. The author makes no reference to a "naval program,"—that is, the building of more and more American battleships; but that he considers such a policy advisable is not an unnatural conclusion from his fears and his Pacific (not "pacific") policy.

But there are a few forces now playing upon world-politics of which Captain Mahan has not taken account. One of these is the peace movement, which has not only attained reputable proportions, but can no longer be counted as a negligible factor. Another is the prospective pacification of Ireland, which will add to the strength of Great Britain fully as much as the construction of several battleships. Still another is the growth of Socialism, especially in Germany. In speaking of the naval pro-

\*THE INTEREST OF AMERICA IN INTERNATIONAL CONDITIONS. By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain in United States Navy. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

gramme of Germany, the author says: "This is no freak of a government, however little parliamentary to our notions that of Germany is. It is the expression of the will of a people." That probability is true just now; but the opponents of militarism are many, and are increasing. Socialism is international, having regard for the welfare of working men everywhere, and war it regards as destructive of that welfare. It would be no wild prophecy to say that the peace of the world is practically assured from the day the Socialists control the German parliament. If given a fair showing, that day may not be far distant. At any rate, for awhile let us spend as much money on education as we do on militarism.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

The old, old story of a man's life, beginning with boyhood recollections and ending with the broken years of later manhood, related in elaborate detail and plentifully adorned with comment upon the environing conditions, all told in the first person, is what we find in "The New Machiavelli." This is the newest of Mr. H. G. Wells's novels, — which we might better call social documents, — and embodies, as usual, the author's opinions *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, with a leaning toward politics in this particular case. Mr. Wells is an erratic philosopher, much given to snarling about life as he finds it, and to the devising of utopian civilizations whose beneficiaries, were his ideals ever realized, would probably snarl about them also in much the same way as that in which Mr. Wells girds at our own civilization. We need hardly say that ideas upon many subjects are astir in this book — ideas about education and government, socialism and sex. The last-named of these subjects seems to be an obsession with the author, and is handled

with unpleasant frankness. In fact, the whole career of the hero is shaped by his moral weakness in his relations with women. He is a rising statesman, having the most brilliant future well within his grasp, when he throws it all away for the sake of an illicit love. The cases of Parnell and Dilke naturally come to our mind, and it seems probable that Remington's story is to a certain extent based upon them. Writing from the Italian villa in which, after deserting his wife, he has sought seclusion with his paramour, he moralizes extensively upon his downfall. It is not wholly a case of "the world well lost," for there is an insistent note of regret in his musings, and, although he freely admits that he has done wrong, he seems all the time to be pleading for sympathy on the ground that he has fallen victim to an uncontrollable passion. When we think of the disgusting immoralities to which he has previously confessed, and of the loveliness of the wife whom he has forsaken, we are not disposed to bestow upon him much of the sympathy which he seems to think his due. His political development is no less erratic and devoid of principle than his private life. He is at first a liberal, and even a socialist, but no sooner attains high office as a spokesman of these causes than he breaks with his following, and goes in for what he calls "constructive aristocracy." His new political philosophy finds expression in the weekly review which he sets going, but does not have time for effective translation into act before he succumbs to the temptation which forever cuts him off from public life. Because Machiavelli had a somewhat similar experience, the name of the Florentine statesman supplies Remington's story with its title. But Machiavelli's philosophy found definite and logical expression, whereas we can discover in Remington's perturbed fancies nothing more than the outpouring of a hopelessly bewildered soul, at outs with itself and with the world. His story is told with immense vigor, with incisive characterizations, and galvanic shocks in every chapter, but there is no light in it. The writer who raises perplexities without helping to resolve them has no healing for the mind; no thinker can be really helpful who has not *somewhere* a moral and intellectual anchorage.

The hero of "Lord Alistair's Rebellion," a novel by Mr. Allen Upward, is no less vigorous than Remington in his onslaught upon the moralities and the decencies of life. He rails at everything and everybody, deliberately espouses the life of degradation, and flouts every effort made by his friends to reclaim him. On one memorable occasion, he unbosoms himself in these terms:

"I am a hooligan. I've been trying to disguise it ever since I was a boy, but I'm not going to try any more. I hate your law and order; I hate your respectability; I hate your civilization. Our forefathers were thieves and murderers, and I envy them. They lived a jolly life among the heather and the hills, and they were gentlemen. They did n't cringe to cobblers and butchers for votes, and go to church on Sundays to please their grocer. They swore and drank and dined as much as they liked, and never asked what the Dissenters thought of them. I am sick of swallow-

\*THE NEW MACHIAVELLI. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

LORD ALISTAIR'S REBELLION. By Allen Upward. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

ALISE OF ASTRA. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

WESTOVER OF WANALAH. A Story of Love and Life in Old Virginia. By George Cary Eggleston. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

THE BETRAYAL. By Walter Neale and Elizabeth H. Hancock. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.

THE SCOURGE. By Warrington Dawson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE DAWN-BUILDER. By John G. Neihardt. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF THE FREDERIC CARROLLS. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

tail coats and prayer-books. Why should I torture myself in the effort to lead your unnatural life? I protest against it all. Life is one long persecution of men like me, by men like you."

Being drunk when he thus confesses himself, Alistair has an advantage over Remington, and says openly the things that the latter hedges about with rhetorical reservations. But the madness of revolt is in the blood of both, and they are alike incapable of realizing that civilization, with all its faults, has many solid virtues, that its course, despite swervings and eddying currents, is on the whole directed toward the common good of humanity. When we leave Alistair, he has given up the West as past redemption, and is on his way to the East, where he hopes to "found a spiritual order like the old Knights of the Temple," and "to preserve one spot of the planet alike from the millionaire and the socialist, the slave-driver and the slave." This utopia is to be the home of love untrammelled by the marriage bond, and we trust that the young woman whom he invites to go with him is sensible enough to resist the lure. We think she is, and as the book ends with this invitation, our guess is as good as that of anyone else. It might be a good idea for Alistair to stop on his way at the Italian villa, pick up Remington, and take him along. They would make a congenial pair.

Peter Vibart, late of Oxford, with an athletic record and a taste in literature which has led him to translate Petronius and Brantôme, has expectations from a wealthy uncle. But when the uncle dies and his will is read, it turns out that Peter is cut off with a paltry ten guineas, save on the condition that within a year he marry the Lady Sophia Sefton, a reigning toast in those days of the Regency, whom he has never seen. In the latter case, he is to be the residuary legatee, and the same condition is set for his cousin Maurice Vibart, a notorious rake and dare-devil. Since Peter is a man of much independence of character, he will not even consider the remote possibility of fortune thus offered him, and, pocketing his ten guineas, blithely faces his changed future, and sets out for adventure upon the road. Thus are we introduced to "The Broad Highway" of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's imagining, which turns out to be a most fascinating and joyous romance of the open air, introducing us to all sorts and conditions of men, among whom rustics, tinkers, and outlaws largely figure. One of Peter's first acquaintances neatly relieves him of the ten guineas, and he is thus thrown absolutely upon his wits, aided by the brawn that had won for him distinction at Oxford. He makes good by adopting the trade of village blacksmith, and his days run cheerfully on until fate makes him the rescuer of a distressed damsel named Charmian, whom he takes to the shelter of his lonely cabin. This same Charmian is no other than the Lady Sophia Sefton, pursued by the wicked Maurice, and Peter is marked for her prey. Of this design he remains unconscious until he is completely trapped by the

wily young woman, and then he discovers that he is only too willing a victim. This picturesque (and picaresque) romance is a very spirited affair, packed with adventure and vivid description, distinguished in style, rich with humor, and displaying a notable gift of characterization. It is a tale full-blooded and wholesome, unflagging in its interest, and related with a zest which it imparts in full flavor and measure to the reader. Its programme is poetically phrased in the following terms:

"This life is a Broad Highway along which we must all of us pass whether we will or no; as it is a thoroughfare sometimes very hard and cruel in the going, and beset by many hardships, so, also, must its aspect, sooner or later, change for the better, and, the stony track overpassed, the choking heat and dust left behind, we may reach some green, refreshing haven, shady with trees and full of the cool sweet sound of running waters."

To this scheme the story is faithful, and to the motto:

"Hee who myne heart would keepe for long  
Shall be a gentilman and strong."

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's "Alise of Astra" is a romance of the "Zenda" type, and one of the best of the type that have recently appeared. Its scene is a Grand Duchy which in situation and international relations is more like Luxembourg than any other, and its plot concerns the attempt to keep the tiny state from falling into the hands of the Germans. This is to be accomplished by the threadbare device of substituting a strange child for the still-born and secretly buried heir — a plot which would have been successful had it not been for the keen intelligence of a travelling Englishman who ferrets it out, and at much personal risk, thwarts the nefarious purpose. The heroine is a princess of a neighboring state, who acts as Regent until the deception is made clear, when nothing seems to stand in the way of her espousing the adventurous Englishman. We have all the familiar apparatus of plot and counterplot, of secrecy and intrigue, of crafty statesmanship pitted against resolute courage and honesty. As a means of providing mild entertainment, the story is an unqualified success.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston's memories of the Virginia of fifty years ago have already furnished him with the material for many books, and the source of supply is by no means yet exhausted. It must be admitted that the books are a little thin, that they repeat themselves to a certain extent, and that they are hopelessly old-fashioned in thought and sentiment. The last-named quality is not, to our thinking, a defect, for it connotes wholesomeness and sincerity. "Westover of Wanalah" is the newest of these stories of old Virginia, and its pattern is familiar. The hero is hard hit in the early chapters — the victim of what seems a wanton caprice of fate, — and misunderstandings continue to estrange him from the heroine, but all is well at the close. Our old friend Judy Peters makes a welcome reappearance in these pages, and figures as the *dea ex machina* of the hero's fortunes.



Virginia in the days just after reconstruction is the scene of "The Betrayal," a novel by Mr. Walter Neale, aided by Miss Elizabeth H. Hancock. The author of this indignant and fiery work is evidently of the unreconstructed and unreconciled. The reader pricks up his ears with the very first paragraph, which runs as follows: "Virginia, aided by her allies, had fought out the war between the American nations, parties to the treaty of 1788 and its amendments, and had survived the ordeals of reconstruction, when she faced a crisis that threatened her civilization." The first part of this quotation makes fairly plain the author's somewhat antiquated theory of the constitutional relations between the States and the Federal government; the remainder indicates that his work has to do with the struggle over readjustment. This revival of the political philosophy of Calhoun, coupled with this attempt to clear up the intricate subject of the Virginia debt and the malign influence of Mahone (a subject which ranks fairly with the Schleswig-Holstein question in its difficulty), makes a curious combination. It does not result in a work of fiction with any pretence of artistic construction, but it makes a book for which a "live wire" would be a fitting metaphor. The sinister figure of Mahone (here called Tim Murphy) occupies a central position, and it is surrounded by typical examples of the champions of dishonesty and of repudiation, and by figures which represent the social stratification of the commonwealth. The hero is a young aristocrat who is misled by the specious arguments of the readjusters, and casts his lot with them despite the pleadings of his sweetheart and his friends. He has his reward in his election to the governorship, but his eyes are at last opened to the fact that he has been Mahone's dupe all the time, and he wins back something of his self-respect by vetoing the measure upon which the readjusters have staked their fortunes. Whereupon his sweetheart confesses that she is now willing to become his wife. To Mr. Neale's thinking, the old aristocratic social system of Virginia, which was cast into the melting-pot during the decade 1860-1870, offered the most perfect example in history of a rationally-ordered community, and no words are vehement enough to express his contempt for the modern notion that peasants and yeoman can by any possibility approach the level of gentlemen. Carpetbaggers, of course, are beneath contempt, and negroes have no discoverable rights of any kind whatever. We are glad to get this standpoint, however far removed from it our own may be, and the violence of the author's polemics does not lead us to doubt his sincerity. Some of his ideals are highly honorable to his heart and head, and those which we must hold mistaken are voiced with a conviction that at least sets us to self-searching. In form, the story is merely a conglomerate, but many of its individual types are strongly and truthfully drawn. The author's discursive method permits him at any time to say anything that comes into his head, and to this we owe some very surprising

comments upon persons who have nothing to do with the action. Thus we get a page of sarcasm upon a popular novelist. "Mr. Francis H. Smith, a Virginian who had the misfortune to be born in Baltimore, and who was plain Frank Smith when a boy, at the time when he became a Yankee notified Yankeeland that he was not without good blood when he became F. Hopkinson Smith." Even the Fathers are not spared, as the following quotations may witness: "George Washington, a yeoman who pretended to be a gentleman. . . . That stupendous failure, who could not write a grammatical sentence, was called from his failures to organize and to administer a government." "Thomas Jefferson: part yeoman, part peasant, altogether a thief." "Benjamin Franklin: the peasant whose gross immorality ran the gamut of human vice was self-educated also, and sowed his half-baked ideas broadcast like the seed of tares blown by some evil wind over a field of wheat." Such choice bits of characterization are sown like the seed of tares over Mr. Neale's pages. Whether proceeding from the author or from the persons in his narrative does not much matter; in either case they come from a full heart. Appearing in the most unexpected places, these gentle tributes to conspicuous personalities ancient and modern afford our reason for styling "The Betrayal" a "live wire." Wherever one picks it up, one has a fair chance of a shock.

These Virginia novels are interesting, despite their loose construction, and their failure to meet the requirements of artistic fiction. Our present series of dissolving views of life in the Old Dominion is completed by Mr. Warrington Dawson's "The Scourge," a story of the new South. Here we have, crudely etched with incisive strokes, a picture of very recent conditions, emphasizing the sharp contrast between the old laxity and prejudice and the new progressive spirit. A northerner of energy settles in a Virginia town just after the war, finds the community prostrate and generally gone to seed, establishes a tobacco factory, and from the humblest beginnings creates a great establishment which brings prosperity to the whole neighborhood. Being philanthropically disposed, he bestows public buildings, paved streets, and water-works upon the community, and is rewarded by suspicion and distrust. He is an alien, and his success awakens only resentment in the public mind. Being childless, he adopts a waif from the gutter, who grows up into a graceless sort of youth, and bids fair to play ducks and drakes with the business when it shall come into his hands. When the old man dies, this youth becomes the central figure, and reveals heroic possibilities, awakened by his love for a young woman of the impoverished aristocratic stock. But the dead hand is laid heavily upon them both, for the man inherits the property only upon condition that he shall never marry, and the young woman is bound by her dying father to a pledge that she will not marry that particular man. Thus the two lives are wasted, and their story ends gloomily enough. Mr. Dawson's characters are real

by fits and starts, but no one of them is delineated with much consistency. Our estimates require to be readjusted over and over again, a necessity which does not make for the reader's satisfaction. Life often makes this requirement of us, because we see so little of a man's true nature, but it is the novelist's business to improve upon life as a revealer, and to reconcile its apparent contradictions.

"The Prodigal Judge," by Mr. Vaughan Kester, opens entertainingly at Balaam's Cross Roads, in North Carolina, with the settlement of the late General Quintard's estate. With his death the family, ancient and once influential, had come to an end, after a long period of lingering impoverishment. With one item of his belongings, not reckoned in the legal inventory, the present story is largely concerned. The item in question is a small boy, who had mysteriously appeared upon the scene some years before, had been given a home, but had otherwise been neglected. A woman had brought him in her arms one rainy night, left him at the Quintard Barony, and then disappeared. Local gossip vaguely associated the strangers with the dimly-remembered story of General Quintard's daughter, who had been wedded to a man named Turberville, and who was known to have died many years before the incidents just related. When the Quintard affairs are cleared up, the boy, seemingly a negligible quantity, is taken to the cabin of a big-hearted and illiterate mountaineer, and the two soon become warmly attached to one another. Presently, mysterious emissaries from unknown parts appear upon the scene, and it soon becomes evident that they are seeking to get possession of the waif. To evade their pursuit (for they seem to have a colorable legal claim), the boy and his protector pull up stakes, and strike westward over the mountains into Tennessee. In the course of their wanderings, they have many surprising and exciting adventures, culminating in an attack which results in the mountaineer's being left for dead. By a lucky happening, a new protector is forthcoming, and this is the device by which we are introduced to the central character of Mr. Kester's tale—to the besotted derelict who calls himself Judge Slocum Price, who is a mixture of swagger and shrewd resourcefulness, and beneath whose unpromising exterior we gradually come to discern the lineaments of the gentleman and the scholar. This disreputable and lovable figure dominates the story from the time of its first appearance, and in the end provides a key to the secret of the boy's parentage, and an explanation to all the complication of relationships, covering the history of four generations, that keeps us in a condition of pleasurable puzzlement during the progress of the narrative. Who "the prodigal judge" really is we will not say, but confine ourselves to the statement that he is conceived in a spirit of rich and racy humor, and is a very human creation. Other character-studies in the story are also engaging in their several ways,—the mountaineer already mentioned (conveniently brought

to life when needed), the riverman who rescues him, and whose delusion that he is the rightful Earl of Lambeth supplies the author with material of which Mark Twain could hardly have made a better use, and the judge's boon companion, the fellow-derelict who deals him the faithful wounds of a friend, chastening the judge's exuberance with sardonic comment. There are also (at least) two villains, and enough figures of conventional pattern to provide the *quantum satis* of romantic sentiment. Altogether, the story is pretty well packed, with both people and incidents. All these scenes and situations take us back to the days of Andrew Jackson, thus affording a vivid presentation of a period of American history which fiction has not often exploited, as well as of a country almost virgin to the novelist, and abounding in picturesque possibilities. The story is told in direct and homely language, and its tangle of loose ends is gradually woven into an intelligible pattern. On one point we are a little puzzled. At a critical moment, the discomfiture of one of the villains is made to depend upon his being held by *federal* authority for passing counterfeit *paper* money. Could this have been possible at a time when bank-notes constituted the only paper money in existence?

Another story having a derelict for its hero is Mr. John G. Neihardt's "The Dawn-Builder." This derelict is a very battered individual indeed, having a wooden leg and only one available eye, besides being a confirmed drunkard; but despite these handicaps, he becomes the Ferdinand to the Miranda of an island in the Missouri River, and when that romance is ended with her death, still finds himself qualified for a second matrimonial venture (not without its own special quality of sober sentiment), in which the widow Sprangs is implicated as the partner. This is doing fairly well for such a wastrel as he appears in the early chapters, and the author displays no little skill in making such a figure romantically possible and even acceptable. Fantasy and realism, the homely and the heroic, are delightfully blended in this original fiction, and over it all hovers the fitful gleam of a truly poetical imagination.

"The best things of life are apt to arrive by means of this three-cycle process: First, desire and dreams; then disillusionment and distress—sometimes despair; and then, at last, with patient and intelligent effort, a final adjustment to reality, with its humors, and its ironies, and its solid, secure satisfactions." This alliterative and pleasant philosophy is the text upon which Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams has told us of "The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls," a story which, instead of ending with the wedding bells up to which its course has led, begins just after their last echoes have died on the air. This is the ultra-modern way, of which Ibsen is the exemplar, of dealing with life as affected by its most momentous happening. As contrasted with the approved old way, its advantages are obvious, if we once admit that fact is better worth recording

than sentiment, and that the real problem of marriage is not solved, but only propounded, at the steps of the altar. Mr. Williams has given us a fine example of domestic comedy, light-hearted and high-spirited, but by no means as superficial as one might assume from a hasty inspection. His Frederic Carrolls are very natural people—the one an artist of honest ideals and impressionable character, the other a sensible little woman who understands that it is better to humor a husband than to nag him—and their story is told with a natural simplicity that is saved from dullness by the author's sense of humor, imparted to both husband and wife with nicely measured prescription, and comfortably relieving the tension when their relations are in danger of strain. The masterly way in which the young wife handles the studio situation—when she becomes aware of certain philanderings between her husband and one of the objects of his earlier adoration—may be particularly commended to the attention of brides who make similar discoveries. Her remedy is much more effective than any tearful and upbraiding scene, or extreme resort to the divorce court, could possibly prove. The author's talent for comedy is displayed at its blithest in this situation, although it is hardly less pronounced in the episode which ends the honeymoon, in the story of the home-building, and in the account of the solemn function when all the relatives are assembled at a Christmas dinner. In the last-named instance, we are inclined to think that comedy verges a little too close upon farce, and the credulity of Aunt Bella, who is otherwise delightfully natural and diverting, is difficult to take seriously. The underlying intention of this novel seems to be that of showing how "to make a real union out of a mere marriage." For the task a good many mutual concessions are required, a progressive development of the qualities of forbearance and consideration, a readiness to give up some of the dreams of youth, and a willingness to compromise some personal ideals with those of a world in which, after all, people have to live, and with which they must come to some sort of terms. The success with which the Frederic Carrolls work out the complicated problem is the measure of the novelist's skill in dealing with it, for he meets his difficulties honestly, and overcomes them with the aid of a sagacious and mellow philosophy.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Of all the men who did "once see Shelley plain," none survived him longer or loved to talk about him more than Edward John Trelawney. Byron, also, Trelawney knew well; and, though loving him less, followed him to Greece where they worked together for a common cause. Surviving these friends of his youth for more than half a century, Trelawney wrote his well-known *Recollections* of them, and was always ready to talk on the same interesting

subjects. Naturally, the octogenarian who had been honored by the friendship of two such great poets would be much sought after in England, where he spent his last days. Notes of his conversations were made and some of them published; and now we have the long-promised collection, edited by Mr. H. Buxton Forman, of the "Letters of Edward John Trelawney" (Henry Frowde). There are a hundred and thirty-seven of the letters, and they make a handsome volume of nearly three hundred pages. The first letter is dated February, 1822, and is peculiarly interesting as containing the instructions to the boat-builder for the construction of the "Ariel"—the "fatal and perfidious bark" that capsized and caused the drowning of Shelley a few months later. The last letter bears a date nearly sixty years after, and also connects itself with Shelley; it is addressed to Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and contains a suggestion that Swinburne should write a tragedy on Charles the First—a task begun by Shelley, but never finished. Twenty-six of the letters are addressed to Mary Shelley, including one which proposes marriage to her, and another written after her rejection of his suit; also letters to others, in which he alludes to this same lady as "the blab of blabs," "a conventional slave," "the weakest of her sex," etc. On the whole, the never-ending Trelawney-Mary discussion seems in nearly the same puzzling position as before. The largest number of letters written to any one person is sixty-seven—to the lady who insisted upon being called Claire, but whose real name was Clara Mary Jane Clairmont. Few persons have wrought more havoc and misery in their immediate circle than this remarkable but undisciplined woman, who lived to be eighty-one years old without losing her powers of fascination over both men and women. The photographure of her shown in this volume, made from a portrait painted while still in young womanhood, partially explains this fascinating quality. Not only is the face very beautiful, but it conveys an impression of that subtle something known as "charm." Unrestrained by conscience or mastery of self, as Claire appears to have been, such a quality becomes fatal not only to a woman's own happiness, but to the happiness of others. Trelawney's own character reveals itself as full of strange contradictions. Wayward, impulsive, overbearing, and intolerant of opposition, as he often appears, there is yet revealed an inner strain of considerateness and generosity. Resentful of all forms of oppression, bigotry, cant, and frivolity, he was capable of a splendid devotion to a cause and of devout attachment to an individual. That his strongest and most enduring attachment was manifested toward the personality, political attitude, and poetic genius of Shelley, is something for which we must always be grateful, since Trelawney was among the few to give Shelley his due while living, and to make him known in the light in which he appeared to those who knew him best, after he had "awakened from the dream of life."



*A cry to  
national  
repentance.*

There is a deplorable abundance of recent occurrences in public affairs to give special timeliness and point to a work recently appearing from the pen of Professor Robert C. Brooks, of the University of Cincinnati, — "Corruption in American Politics and Life" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The use of such a term as "Corruption" is beset with many difficulties, but these are of a sort familiar to the political student, who by the very nature of his calling is denied the use of an esoteric jargon which he can make precise only by monopolizing its use, and is forced to substitute the many-sided and expressive terms of the man in the street. The author defines corruption as "the intentional misperformance or neglect of a recognized duty, or the unwarranted exercise of power, with the motive of gaining some advantage more or less directly personal." Duty of any sort may be the occasion of corrupt neglect or misperformance; in the case of political corruption, it is the duty to the state or community that is neglected. Into this conception the author gathers such varied items as franchise-brooding, five-dollar vote-buying, railroad pass-riding, nepotism in appointments, connivance by inspectors, campaign contributions of several sorts (carefully and cleverly analyzed and differentiated), and tax-dodging. Political corruption, however, is only an aggravated and obvious instance of a condition which is as universal as sin, and is by no means the "vice of low intellects." Corruption in business, in higher education, in the law, in journalism, in the ministry and other professions, — in all these the author sets forth specific instances with illuminating remarks, and analyzes them with keenness and candor. He reminds us that bitter experience has shown that to regard a "business administration" of municipal affairs as a panacea for the ills of the body politic is as foolish as to expect salvation from a "scholar in politics." What is needed is incorruptible, straight, uncompromising devotion to duty, in politics as in business and the professions. The author indicts no individual, no class, no group, but rather the whole body of society which allows itself to be governed by purely commercial considerations. Like an Old Testament prophet, he summons a whole nation to repentance. The tone of the book is serious, but is hopeful. As he takes up the manifold forms of corruption, he finds antidotes which men may administer if they will, and points out correcting tendencies that are operating of themselves. He sees special privilege more heavily entrenched in England and Germany than in our country, and rejoices in our growing habit of challenging and requiring such privilege to justify itself as free from taint. Furthermore, he points out that our shortcomings ought to be measured with reference to our attempts. Our experiment in democracy implies a faith in political manhood that is unique in history: we invite the lower orders into the arena of political duty, from which they are largely excluded abroad; and if there is some yielding to temptation, there is also much rising superior to it, resulting in a more

robust political morality. Our author concludes that the greatest harm done by political corruption is not in its enabling some men to "acquire fortune and power rapidly at the expense of others," but rather in its destruction of the "confidence of men in their social institutions." This confidence is the life of political society; corruption, unless checked, means that society's disintegration and death.

*The harvest of  
a quiet eye.*

In the chaste style that comes only of early and appreciative study of the ancient classics, and with an interweaving of quotation and allusion that come readily to the pen of only him who is versed in all that is best in literature, Mr. Henry Law Webb has brought together, under the title, "The Silences of the Moon" (Lane), some rarely beautiful passages of self-communing on the meaning and the mystery of nature, on the great questions of religion and philosophy, and on sundry minor problems of this our existence in time and eternity. It is the rich harvest of a quiet eye that he offers us, but of an eye that does not merely brood and sleep on his own heart: it is discriminatingly observant of the beauties of nature as well as open to their spiritual significance. "From Nature," he declares, "we may learn all virtues and true arts; from the poplar its solitary introspection, and patience from the watching heron." And again: "Out of 'dumb' matter we derive all purity of color and most beauties of line; and to the visible materialisations of Nature belong the accumulated wisdom and song of all the world since the Chaldeans first felt their kinship with the stars; she is the Pallas Athene, in wisdom eternally in her prime, in beauty immortally fair." Another sentence, in another strain, must be quoted: "The mind can never know satiety, for as its desire is infinite, the highest delight to which it can attain has a beyond, just as on earth man can never reach the horizon." And still one more: "A dominant religion and a sartorial craze pass away in about the same length of time — the latter in a few weeks, the former in a few centuries; in eternity the difference is non-existent." The tone of the book is wisely and sanely optimistic. "As we are happy," believes the writer, "so is the good we do in the world; no miserable man ever benefited the race." Suggestions of Pater come agreeably to the reader as he yields himself to the quiet charm of Mr. Webb's pages. A passage on the Demeter of Knidos is especially in Pater's manner. Reminders also of Mr. W. Compton Leith, from whose "Apologia Diffidentis" he admiringly quotes, and to whom he dedicates his own book, are not wanting. There is in both the same introspective mood, and the same susceptibility to the poetic appeal of nature. Those who enjoyed the "Apologia" will take equal if not even greater delight in "The Silences of the Moon," which, whether fortunately or otherwise, lacks the minute self-analysis that contributes to the peculiar fascination of the earlier work. Both are masterpieces, and both, by what may not be wholly a

coincidence, are brought out by the same discerning publisher. Mr. Webb's peculiar and striking title is taken from the second book of the "Æneid," line 255.

*Spiritualism  
sanely  
considered.*

The late Frank Podmore, already well known for his history of Spiritualism and his contributions to the problems of Psychic Research, has given us in his last book, called "The Newer Spiritualism" (Holt), a review of the more recent investigations in pursuit of the same purposes. It finds an historical connection in the older spiritualistic manifestations of D. D. Home, in whose presence marvels seem to have occurred, yet who seems to have been particularly successful in evading actual detection though not suspicion. The contrast of his sittings with those more recently held with Eusapia Paladino shows the considerable increase in the critical spirit of latter days; and this in turn but reflects a more thorough understanding of the logic, as well as the psychology, of this elusive field. Mr. Podmore's book takes the topic to the present year; including a very brief account of the New York exposures, which in their completeness seem to have disposed of the Paladino performances. It may well be that the next generation will regard the necessity of devoting so admirable a book to the serious consideration of these phenomena, as more remarkable than the difficulty of reaching the sceptical conclusions that are here enforced. Mr. Podmore concedes that the position of other hypotheses than fraud is strong enough to merit the most careful examination; but that as a result of such impartial examination, no other hypothesis holds water, and that, indeed, the positive evidence of fraud is comprehensive enough to carry over to the whole range of manifestations. The second half of the volume is devoted to the different types of evidence in regard to spiritualistic communications through entranced mediums, or through others by way of automatic writing or speech. Here there can be no question of exposure in the ordinary sense, but only of the weighing of evidence of coincidence (combined with an ingenious use of "fishing" for the data from the communicators) as opposed to the hypothesis of a force beyond normal perception. Mr. Podmore is equally sceptical in regard to the spiritualistic hypotheses as thus supported; yet he has so charitable an attitude toward the hypothesis of telepathy, that it is difficult to see why the same logic leading to a distinct conclusion for the one does not equally obtain for the other. With this exception the book may be most cordially welcomed for the library-shelf, where its largest use will be to serve as an antidote to the notorious examples of modern credulity, both amongst the scientific and the unscientific. Whether this is to be the last word on Spiritualism, or whether there will again and soon be necessity to write a further book on "The Newest Spiritualism," the future alone can decide.

*How the British  
were driven  
out of Boston.*

Just one hundred and thirty-five years ago (March 16, 1776) General Washington, in command of the American troops about Boston, made that last aggressive move, the throwing-up of a redoubt at Nook's Hill, that was received by General Howe as a notice to quit; and early on the following morning he embarked his forces, sailed down the harbor, and thus inaugurated the Evacuation Day which subsequent generations of patriotic Bostonians have delighted to celebrate on every recurrent seventeenth of March. It is fitting that there should appear at this season a detailed account, drawn from authoritative sources, of this historic event. "The Siege of Boston" (Macmillan), by Mr. Allen French, furnishes a rapid recapitulation of all that led up to the British occupation, from the time when Charles II. abrogated the charter of the colony, and the hitherto self-governed community became a royal province, up to the arrival of Gage, in 1774, with an army at his back, to succeed Hutchinson as governor of this fractious handful of King George's subjects. Thenceforward, with the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill to engage the reader's interest, the movements of both British and Americans become worthy of closer attention, until under Washington's splendid generalship the redcoats are driven from the shores of Massachusetts and Boston's share in the Revolution is practically ended. The story is well told by Mr. French, but certain topographical passages might have been rendered clearer and fuller. For instance the term "Dorchester Heights" seems not to be sufficiently explained as indicating, not what is now Dorchester, but a part of the present South Boston, while South Boston itself is spoken of as being a mud-flat in 1774. The headlands then known as Dorchester Heights were at that time, as now, well above the water-line, although the lower portions of the peninsula, together with the adjacent parts now called the South End, were indeed either mud-flats or totally submerged areas. The book lacks a good map or plan of the siege operations, showing clearly such strategic points as Copp's Hill, Fort Hill, Beacon Hill, and the various outlying positions occupied by the colonial forces. The two small maps provided are inadequate. Appropriate illustrations are inserted, footnotes give references to authorities consulted, and a good analytical index closes the book.

*An English  
actor's amusing  
reminiſcences.*

Successful as Mr. Seymour Hicks has shown himself in entertaining, both by his acting and by his play-writing, that portion of the public whose chosen diversion is the theatre, he has proved himself hardly less successful in his efforts to amuse the reading public with a rapid-fire account of his rather speedy rise from the obscure grade of supernumerary to the luminous height of "star" and popular favorite. "Seymour Hicks: Twenty-four Years of an Actor's Life" (Lane) contains more good stories

to the page—stories of his own and other actors' professional experience—than can easily be found in any similar piece of autobiographic literature. Without attempting here even the briefest synopsis of Mr. Hicks's chronicle of his own self-making, we will quote a bit of repartee which may contain a useful hint to authors and publishers troubled with bland requests for free copies of the books by which they earn their daily bread. "Dear Mr. Terriss," wrote a wholesale dealer in certain of the necessities of life to Mr. Hicks's late father-in-law, "Could you let me have a box or four stalls to see 'The Harbour Lights'? Thanking you in anticipation, I am yours, etc., etc., J. ARMITAGE." To which the other replied: "Dear Mr. Armitage, with all the pleasure in the world, and would you let me have two dozen eggs, a side of bacon, and a dozen pots of jam for home use? Thanking you but without the slightest anticipation, I am yours, etc., etc., etc., WILLIAM TERRISS." One chapter of his book the author devotes to the discouragement of would-be actors, and he gives them much wholesome and sobering advice, somewhat after the manner of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's reply to a person who announced that he was thinking of playing "Hamlet." "Are you?" was the rejoinder. "I should keep on thinking about it if I were you." A prepossessing portrait of Mr. Hicks forms the frontispiece to his volume, and a useful index of names serves as a tailpiece.

*Completion  
of a notable  
historical work.*

Within the past few months the coöperative work known as "The Political History of England" (Longmans) has been brought to completion with the publication of the volume by Mr. A. F. Pollard, of the University of London, and of that by Dr. Richard Lodge, of the University of Edinburgh. The general characteristics of this series, most ably edited by the Reverend Dr. William Hunt and Mr. Reginald L. Poole, were fully outlined in THE DIAL (Feb. 16, 1906) in a review of the three volumes which were the first to appear. Somewhat to the embarrassment of reviewers, the several instalments have been published entirely without reference to their chronological order. Thus the three to which we have just referred—Hunt's (covering the period 1760-1801), Adams's (1066-1216), and Tout's (1216-1377)—appeared in 1905. The volumes by Hodgkin (to 1066), Oman (1377-1485), Brodrick and Fotheringham (1801-1837), and Fisher (1485-1547), came out in 1906; Montague's (1603-1660), and Low and Sanders's (1837-1901), in 1907; Leadam's (1702-1760), in 1909; while of the latest instalments, Pollard's covers the latter part of the English Reformation (1547-1603), and that of Dr. Lodge includes the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III. (1660-1702). Both the editors and the authors (who, with few exceptions, are now or in the past have been connected with the teaching of History in Oxford University) are to be congratulated upon the success of their

endeavors. While both as to interest and as to scholarship the volumes necessarily vary, the range of such variation is very slight in comparison with the high general level that is maintained. The outward appearance of the work is attractive, and there are few typographical errors. There are no illustrations other than useful maps. To each volume is appended a bibliography, which the limits of space render suggestive rather than exhaustive. While specialists in this or that field of English history may express different opinions as to particular matters, all will agree that the completion of "The Political History of England" is a notable accomplishment, eliciting the critical approval of the scholarly world both in England and in America.

*The nobility  
of the primitive  
red man.*

The aboriginal American is pictured at his very best by Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman (Ohiyesa, in his own Dakota tongue) in a little book entitled "The Soul of the Indian" (Houghton). It is the religious side of the Indian's inner life that the author especially seeks to show us,— "the religious life of the typical American Indian as it was before he knew the white man. I have long wished to do this, because I cannot find that it has ever been seriously, adequately, and sincerely done. The religion of the Indian is the last thing about him that the man of another race will ever understand." The Indian's God, it appears from Dr. Eastman's pages, was (in the Indian's best days) as high and awful, as mighty and as inscrutable, as the Jehovah of the Hebrews. He was the Unseen and Eternal, to whom a daily tribute of wordless devotion was to be rendered, and whose name was seldom so much as breathed in even the devoutest frame of mind; much less was it profanely used even by the least reverent. What wonder, then, that the frontier white man, with his ready string of oaths, astonished and horrified the redskin, and that the religion of civilization failed to commend itself unreservedly to his untutored mind? Dr. Eastman's chapters, treating of "The Great Mystery," "The Family Altar," "Ceremonial and Symbolic Worship," "Barbarism and the Moral Code," "The Unwritten Scriptures," and "The Borderland of Spirits," are extremely interesting; and if he unconsciously idealizes his fellow-Indians, it is a natural and pardonable error. We would gladly believe that the red man in his golden age was all that Ohiiyesa's eloquence represents him to have been.

*Organized  
movements for  
child-welfare.*

Those communities and nations that adopt the most constructive policy toward the welfare of their children, as future citizens, are likely to be among the most progressive communities and nations of the earth. In America the movement for child-welfare has expressed itself in various special organizations such as the National Child Labor Committee and the American Playground Association, and in institu-



tions such as the Juvenile Court. "Society is slowly beginning to realize that child problems are the greatest problems of our times." This is evidenced in the two recent conferences on Child Welfare, and in the proposed bill for a Federal Childrens' Bureau. In Mr. George B. Mangold's book on "Child Problems" (Macmillan), we get a valuable statement of the principal social child-problems of to-day, with facts from the most recent sources. The discussion covers such interesting matters as infant and child mortality and the education of children, with such allied questions as recreation, health, and child labor. The problems of the delinquent child and the dependent and neglected child are so treated as to bring out the changes in methods, in recent times, from those of relief to those of cure. These matters are all discussed from a constructively social point of view, the chief stress being placed on a study of underlying causes. Definite suggestions are made for the treatment of these problems, with special reference to the more accurate and widely extended investigation of causes of delinquency, backwardness, defectiveness, etc. The need for a Federal Childrens' Bureau is strongly urged, to collect information not now available and to coördinate effort in child-caring. It is not known at present, for example, how many dependent children there are in America; the 93,000 in institutions do not include many in foster homes, or uncared for. Such information is very desirable, and Mr. Mangold's book is a distinct contribution to the subject of which it treats.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

Professor Saintsbury's three-volume "History of English Prosody" is too formidable a work for most minds and purses; hence the author has been well-advised to condense its contents into the more manageable "Historical Manual of English Prosody" now published by the Macmillan Co. This work, "not so much an abstract as a parallel with a different purpose," is well fitted for use as a college text-book, although, of course, it must be taken with due allowance for its author's eccentricities of both style and argument. The volume is provided with a glossary which students will find particularly useful.

One of those interesting miscellanies that are from time to time brought together as a testimonial to some veteran teacher is found in the volume of "Studies in Language and Literature" (Holt), which is published as a tribute to the inspiring leadership of Professor James Morgan Hart, upon the occasion of his seventieth birthday. Professor Hart was one of the earliest Americans to lay the foundations of an education in Germany, and his example caused many young scholars to follow in his footsteps. The papers here collected are eighteen in number, mostly brief and technical, but we note a few of interest to the general reader, such as Dr. E. J. Barley's "George Meredith in America," Dr. Lane Cooper's "The Power of the Eye in Coleridge," Mr. H. L. Fordham's "English and the Law," and Dr. Frank Thilly's "Contemporary American Philosophy."

#### NOTES.

"The Grain of Dust," the new novel by the late David Graham Phillips, is announced for publication by Messrs. Appleton early this month.

Mr. John Spargo is about to issue through Mr. E. W. Huebsch a collection of related essays under the title of "Sidelights on Contemporary Socialism."

"The Autobiography of William Shakespeare" is the interesting title of a book by Mr. L. C. Alexander, which Messrs. Baker & Taylor announce for Spring issue.

A new edition of M. Maeterlinck's "The Bluebird," with an entirely new fifth act added, is in course of preparation by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. for early publication.

A new story by Mr. J. J. Bell, the author of "Wee Macgregor," is announced by Messrs. Cassell & Co. It is a tale of romantic adventure, unlike anything Mr. Bell has heretofore written.

In view of the marked revival of interest in Samuel Butler's writings, Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon publish new and revised editions of this author's "Life and Habit" and "Unconscious Memory."

Among the books of literary interest to be published this Spring by the Macmillan Co. are "World Literature and Its Place in General Culture" by Dr. Richard G. Moulton, Professor of Literary Theory and Interpretation in the University of Chicago, and "A History of Classical Philology" by Professor Harry Thurston Peck.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the Sioux Indian author, has lately returned from a sojourn among the last hunting Indians of the United States, the Northern Ojibways, in Minnesota and their brethren over the Canadian border. Dr. Eastman has been named to represent his race at the World Congress of Races in London, England, next summer.

Mr. John Reed Scott, author of "The Impostor," has recently delivered to the J. B. Lippincott Co. the manuscript of his new novel. It will be called "In her Own Right," and will probably be ready by June 1. Mr. Scott has again laid his scene in Maryland, but instead of treating of the eighteenth century he deals with the present.

Mr. Granville Barker, the well-known English playwright, has arranged with Mr. Mitchell Kennerley for American publication of all his books, — past, present, and future. The first volume to appear with Mr. Kennerley's imprint will be "Three Plays," containing "Waste," "The Marrying of Ann Leete," and "The Voyage Inheritance."

One of the more important recent French scientific books is "Les Théories d'Evolution," by M. Yves Delage, Professor at the Sorbonne and member of the Institut, and M. Goldsmith, editor of "l'Année Biologique." An English translation is now being made by André Tridon, and will be published by Mr. B. W. Huebsch in the Fall.

The "Memories and Impressions" of Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, which Messrs. Harper & Brothers promise for early issue, is one of the most interesting biographical announcements of the season. Mr. Hueffer is a grandson of Madox Brown, the Pre-Raphaelite painter, and has known more or less intimately most of the literary and artistic celebrities of his time. Another

book of literary interest soon to be published by the Harpers is a volume of "Selections from Swinburne's Poems," based on Swinburne's own choice, with additions and an Introduction by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

This month the Sturgis & Walton Co. will publish "The Report of the Commission on Country Life," heretofore only privately printed. It sums up the recommendations and conclusions of the Commission that carried on extensive and systematic investigations into the conditions of country life with a view to the improvement of rural civilization.

The Spring announcement list of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. includes "The Story of the Aeroplane," by Claude Grahame-White; "One Way Out," by William Carleton; "A Prince of Romance," by Stephen Chalmers; "Captivating Mary Carstairs," by Henry Second; "The Big League," by Charles E. Van Loan; and a new edition of "The Ghost," by Arnold Bennett.

Mr. A. C. Benson has recently been appointed to the Chair of English Literature at Cambridge, founded by Sir Harold Harmsworth, of which the King is patron. Particular honor is attached to this appointment in that Mr. Benson is the first occupant of the Chair. The Putnams have now in train a work of a critical and biographical nature on Ruskin, which Mr. Benson recently completed.

The Hon. John Bigelow sailed recently for London. The aged author, now in his ninety-fourth year, is going to Europe to rest from prolonged labors on his "Retrospections," of which the first three volumes were published last year by the Baker & Taylor Co., and of which a later volume is now nearly ready for the press. On his return from Europe, Mr. Bigelow plans to complete his book.

Students of the American Civil War will doubtless welcome Captain Beecham's "Gettysburg: The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War," which Messrs. McClurg & Co. have in hand for immediate publication. The author took part in the battle, as a member of the Second Wisconsin Infantry, of the famous old "Iron Brigade," and the present book was written after a visit the veteran author recently made to the battlefield.

Mr. Archibald Henderson is publishing shortly, in England and the United States, two important biographies,—one of George Bernard Shaw, and the other of Mark Twain. Mr. Henderson knew Mark Twain personally for some years, and intends this biography (or, as he prefers to call it, this interpretation) of him, as preliminary to a comprehensive work in which he will utilize everything literary and pictorial ever published about Mark Twain in foreign countries as well as in England and America.

An important work on American military history is announced for publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in May. It is called "The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States," and the author is General Francis Vinton Greene, who has given many years of labor to the work. His purpose is a double one,—first, to trace from the military point of view the history of the War of Independence, and then to show how Washington and his experienced officers, with a nucleus of trained soldiers about which was organized a large army of volunteers, inaugurated a definite and permanent military policy for this country, based on the principle of maintaining a small disciplined standing force as the core of a great volunteer

army. General Greene's ultimate purpose is to write a complete history of the American Army as illustrating this definite military policy; and the above-mentioned book, though in itself a complete work, is to be first in a series of three volumes, the second to deal with the Mexican, Spanish, and other minor wars, and the third with the Civil War alone.

The Spring announcement list of Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. includes the following titles: "Over the Border," sketches of travel in Scotland, by William Winter; "The World of Life," a manifestation of creative power, directive mind, and ultimate purpose, by Alfred Russel Wallace; "The Interpretation of History," by Max Nordau; "The History of Parliamentary Taxation in England," by Shephard Ashman Morgan; "Gray Days and Gold," by William Winter, new edition, revised and enlarged; "The Solution of the Child Labor Problem," by Scott Nearing; "Learning and Other Essays," by John Jay Chapman; "Treason and Death of Benedict Arnold," a play for a Greek theatre, by John Jay Chapman; "Memorial Day," an anthology, edited by Robert Haven Schauffler; "Queenie," the autobiography of an Italian queen bee, by T. Chalmers Potter; "Basset: A Village Chronicle," by S. G. Tallentyre; "When the Red Gods Call," by Beatrice Grimshaw; "The House in the Hedge," by Ralph Henry Barbour; "Barbara of the Snows," by Harry Irving Greene; "The Substitute Prisoner," by Max Marcin; "Philistine and Genius," by Boris Sidis; "Nature's Help to Health," by John Warren Achorn; "When Mother Lets Us Play," by Angela M. Keyes.

We note among the Spring announcement lists of the English publishers a number of interesting titles not as yet arranged for on this side, although most of them will no doubt ultimately be brought out here also. Among these titles the following may be especially mentioned: "Lay Morals, and Other Papers," hitherto uncollected, by Robert Louis Stevenson; "Wordsworthshire," an introduction to a poet's country, by Eric Robertson, M.A., with numerous illustrations by Arthur Tucker, R.B.A.; "The Ballad of the White Horse," by G. K. Chesterton; "Dramatic Values," by C. E. Montague; "The Consolations of a Critic," by C. Lewis Hind, illustrated; "Mark Twain," by Archibald Henderson, illustrated from photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn; "Three Plays," comprising "The Elder Son," "The Little Dream," and "Justice," by John Galsworthy; "The Onward Cry," essays and sermons, by Stopford A. Brooke; "A History of Painting," by Haldane MacFall, with an introduction by Frank Brangwyn, in eight volumes, illustrated with two hundred reproductions in color; "The Painters of Japan," by Arthur Morrison, in two volumes, illustrated with one hundred and twenty reproductions in colotype and color; "The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne," by Lewis Melville, with illustrations; "Oscar Wilde," a memoir, by Anna Comtesse de Brémont; "Modern Dramatists," by Ashley Dukes; "Shakespeare and his Love," by Frank Harris; "The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer," by William Archer, illustrated; "William Pitt and National Revival," by J. Holland Rose; "The Biology of the Seasons," by J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., with illustrations from paintings by William Smith; "Post Limina," gathered from the critical papers of the late Lionel Johnson; "The Apostle," a drama in three acts, with a prefatory letter, by George Moore; "Leila," by the late Antonio Fogazzaro, being a companion volume to "The Saint."

## TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

April, 1911.

Arctic Boundary, Our. Thomas Riggs. *World To-day*.  
 Banking Plan, The Aldrich. C. A. Conant. *North American*.  
 Bennett, Arnold. G. W. Harris. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Bible, Interpretation of the. G. H. Gilbert. *North American*.  
 Boy of To-morrow, The. Arthur D. Dean. *World's Work*.  
 Business Man, Awakening of the. Will Irwin. *Century*.  
 Business Men and the Government. A. W. Dunn. *World's Work*.  
 California as a Sketching Ground. Mary Brown. *Int. Studio*.  
 California, The Orient in. J. T. Bramhall. *World To-day*.  
 Chikie, the Burgomaster Gull. Bristow Adams. *Century*.  
 Christ among the Doctors. George Hodges. *Atlantic*.  
 Cities, German and American. Frederic Howe. *Scribner*.  
 Civilization's Thin Crust. Ray Stannard Baker. *American*.  
 Confederate Volunteer in 1861. The. R. H. McKim. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Constitutional Convention, A National. E. L. Andrews. *Forum*.  
 Cowboys Made into Business Men. J. E. Farrow. *World To-day*.  
 Criminals, Reformation of. F. M. White. *World's Work*.  
 Criticism. W. C. Brownell. *Atlantic*.  
 Defective Children in School. Olivia H. Dunbar. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Desert Laboratory, The. Ellsworth Huntington. *Harper*.  
 Duelling Code, An International. E. Hendrick. *Atlantic*.  
 Du Maurier, George, Reminiscences of. T. Armstrong. *Harper*.  
 Educational Efficiency. Henry D. Bushnell. *Atlantic*.  
 Efficiency, The Gospel of—II. W. Taylor. *American*.  
 Emerald, On the Trail of the. W. V. Woehlke. *World To-day*.  
 Experiences, My—VI. Booker T. Washington. *World's Work*.  
 Express Monopoly, The Great—III. A. W. Atwood. *American*.  
 Express Rates, Lowering of. C. M. Keys. *World's Work*.  
 Fiction, The South in—III. Montrose J. Moses. *Bookman*.  
 Fiddle, Lure of the. R. H. Schaffer. *Atlantic*.  
 Fine Arts Building in Chicago. The. Ella W. Peattie. *Int. Studio*.  
 Fluke, Mrs. and her Influence. W. P. Eaton. *Century*.  
 Flying Machines—Why They Fly. W. Kaempfert. *Harper*.  
 Fogazzaro's Last Romance. Ruth Egerton. *North American*.  
 Future, The Unknowable. William Allen White. *American*.  
 Gardening, Suburban. Frances Duncan. *Century*.  
 Gibraltar, An Inland. Louise Closser Hale. *Harper*.  
 Harrison, Mrs. Burton, Recollections of—II. *Scribner*.  
 Immigration Policy, A Domestic. F. A. Kellor. *No. American*.  
 Infant Industry, Protection of Our. H. A. Austin. *Forum*.  
 Inness, George, Landscapes of. Arthur Hoeber. *Int. Studio*.  
 Intellectual Nomadism. Norman Douglas. *No. American*.  
 In the Slum—II. Henry Oyen. *World's Work*.  
 Italy, Industrial Progress of. Ernesto Nathan. *Century*.  
 Japanese Art of To-day—V. Jiro Harado. *Int. Studio*.  
 Japanese Trade, The Bogy of. Clarence Poe. *World's Work*.  
 James, William, as a Man of Letters. John Macy. *Bookman*.  
 Judicial Interpretation, Nullifying the Law by. *Atlantic*.  
 "Lee, Vernon." Van Wyck Brooks. *Forum*.  
 Literature, Selection and Elimination in. E. V. Lucas. *Atlantic*.  
 Lumber Conservation and Reciprocity. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Luther, Martin, and his Work—V. A. C. McGiffert. *Century*.  
 Manners, The Decay of. Thomas Nelson Page. *Century*.  
 Marine Painting, Recent Tendencies in. B. Harrison. *Scribner*.  
 Medical Colleges. Abraham Flexner. *World's Work*.  
 Mexican Insurrection, Causes of. James Creelman. *No. Amer.*  
 Missionary Outlook, The New. H. W. Horwill. *Atlantic*.  
 Mowbray, H. Siddons, Mural Decorations of. *Harper*.  
 Mughal to Briton. Price Collier. *Scribner*.  
 Municipal Government, Tendency of. G. B. McClellan. *Atlantic*.  
 Navy, The, and its Needs. S. B. Luce. *North American*.  
 New York Public Library, The. John S. Billings. *Century*.  
 Operas, Two New. Arthur Farwell. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Parcels Post and the Retailer. Fremont Rider. *World's Work*.  
 Peace and Good Will. Paul U. Kellogg. *American*.  
 Personality Tax, The. Albert Jay Nock. *American*.  
 Poetry, The Worker in. Percy MacKaye. *North American*.  
 Porto Rico in Transition. Alfred B. Mason. *Century*.  
 Problem, Solution, and Man. Geo. Harvey. *North American*.  
 Rabies, The Problem of. F. C. Walsh. *Forum*.  
 Reciprocity Agreement and British Colonial Policy. *No. Amer.*  
 Roosevelt Dam, Dedication of. C. J. Blanchard. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 School Lunches, The Question of. M. J. Mayer. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Shakespeare on the Stage—II. Macheth. W. Winter. *Century*.  
 Shaw, Bernard, The Serious. Edwin Björkman. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Shooting in France. Ethel Rose. *Scribner*.  
 Short-Story Instruction by Mail. G. J. Nathan. *Bookman*.  
 Sierra, My First Summer in the. John Muir. *Atlantic*.  
 Southern Mill Operatives, Caring for. *World To-day*.  
 Spring, In Defense of. Edwin L. Sabin. *Lippincott*.  
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, New Letters of. *Scribner*.  
 Supreme Court, Stories of the. C. F. Cavanagh. *Bookman*.  
 Tariff Board, The. James Boyle. *Forum*.  
 Text-Book Game, The. George Middleton. *Bookman*.

Theatre, Disintegration of the. Montrose J. Moses. *Forum*.  
 Theatre, The World's Greatest. Ben Greet. *World's Work*.  
 Toller's Life, Brightening the. E. A. Halsey. *World To-day*.  
 Tolstoi and Young Russia. Rose Strunsky. *Atlantic*.  
 Translations, The Best—II. Calvin Winter. *Bookman*.  
 Treasures, The Watchdogs of the. F. Irving. *World To-day*.  
 Uncle Sam on Police Duty. Arthur W. Dunn. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Younger Generation, The: An Apologia. Anna Hard. *Atlantic*.  
 Zolnay, The Sculptor. Rowan Douglas. *World To-day*.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 96 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

From Memory's Shrine: The Reminiscences of Carmen Sylva. Translated from the German by Edith Hopkirk. Illustrated. 8vo, 271 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.  
 Mary Wollstonecraft: A Study in Economics and Romance. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Illustrated; 8vo, 210 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.  
 Ferdinand Lassalle. By George Brandes. Large 8vo, 280 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.  
 Ingersoll: A Biographical Appreciation. By Herman E. Kittredge. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, 581 pages. New York: Dresden Publishing Co.  
 Colonel Thomas Blood, Crown-Stealer. By Wilbur Cortes Abbott. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 95 pages. Yale University Press.  
 The Mendelssohn Family, 1729-1847. By Sebastian Hensel; translated by Carl Klingemann. Second revised edition; with portraits, large 8vo, 359 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$3. net.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Romance of Bookselling. By Frank A. Mumby. Illustrated. 8vo, 491 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$4.50 net.  
 The Intellectuals: An Experiment in Irish Club-Life. By Canon Sheehan. 8vo, 287 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50 net.  
 The Soul of the Indian: An Interpretation. By Charles Alexander Eastman. With frontispiece, 16mo, 170 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.  
 The Frankfurt Book Fair: The Francofortiense Emporium of Henri Estienne. Edited, with historical introduction, original Latin text with English translation, and notes, by James Westfall Thompson. Illustrated and decorated, 4to, 304 pages. Chicago: The Caxton Club.  
 A Study of Greatness in Men. By J. N. Larned. 12mo, 303 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

## BOOKS OF VERSE.

Poems and Ballads. By Henry de Vere Stacpoole. 16mo, 120 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1. net.  
 Optimism. By Horace Traubel. With photogravure frontispiece, 12mo, 371 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50 net.  
 A Roman Wit: Epigrams of Martial. By Paul Nixon. 16mo, 119 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.

## FICTION.

Robert Kimberly. By Frank A. Spearman. Illustrated in color, 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.30 net.  
 Trevor Lordship. By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. 12mo, 389 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.20 net.  
 Half Leaves. By Helen Mackay. 12mo, 377 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.50 net.  
 The Justice of the King. By Hamilton Drummond. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 335 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.30 net.  
 A Question of Marriage. By Mrs. George de Horne Vaisey. 12mo, 325 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.  
 Forged in Strong Fires. By John Ironside. With frontispiece, 12mo, 318 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.25 net.  
 The Passionate Eloquence. By Compton Mackenzie. 12mo, 243 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.  
 Out of Russia. By Crittenden Marriot. Illustrated. 12mo, 255 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.  
 Bawbee Jock. By Amy McLaren. 8vo, 380 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.  
 A Spirit of Mirth. By Peggy Webbing. 12mo, 315 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.



- The End of a Song.** By Jeannette Marks. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 280 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.15 net.
- Captivating Mary Carstairs.** By Henry Second. With portrait, 12mo, 346 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.30 net.
- A Sinner in Israel: A Romance of Modern Jewish Life.** By Pierre Costello. 12mo, 406 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- A Prince of Romance.** By Stephen Chalmers. Illustrated, 12mo, 341 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.20 net.
- The Green Curve, and Other Stories.** By Ole Luk-Ole. 12mo, 318 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The House of Serravalle.** By Richard Bagot. 12mo, 448 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- The Honor of the Big Snows.** By James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 316 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.
- A Gentleman of the Road.** By Horace Bleackley. 12mo, 230 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- Eve's Second Husband.** By Corra Harris. Illustrated. 12mo, 353 pages. Henry Altemus Co. \$1.50.
- Compensation.** By Anne Warwick. 12mo, 333 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- The Sins of the Children: A Study in Social Values.** By Horace W. C. Newte. 12mo, 407 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- Love Besieged.** By Charles E. Pearce. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 327 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.20 net.
- The Bermondsey Twin.** By F. J. Randall. 12mo, 328 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- The Professor's Mystery.** By Wells Hastings and Brian Hooker. Illustrated, 12mo, 341 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.
- Two Imposters and a Tinker.** By Dorothea Conyers. 12mo, 344 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Parting of the Ways.** By Henry Bordeaux; translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. 12mo, 296 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.20 net.
- The Brassbounder.** By David W. Bone. Illustrated. 12mo, 293 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.
- A Book of Dear Dead Women.** By Edna Worthley Underwood. 12mo, 327 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Wastrel.** By Arthur D. Howden Smith. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 333 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.30 net.
- The Imprudence of Prue.** By Sophie Fisher. Illustrated, 12mo, 357 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.
- Keeping up with Lizzie.** By Irving Bacheller. Illustrated, 12mo, 157 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1. net.
- A Winter Romance in Poppy Land.** By Una Nixon Hopkins. Illustrated, 12mo, 207 pages. Richard G. Badger, \$1.25 net.
- Four in Family: The Story of How We Look from Where the Dog Sits.** By Florida Pope Sumnerwell. Illustrated in color, 16mo, 183 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1. net.
- The Lass with the Delicate Air.** By A. R. Goring-Thomas. 12mo, 352 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- The Heart of the Bush.** By Edith Searle Grossman. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 334 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.

#### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- Yosemite Trails: Camp and Pack-Train in the Yosemite Region of the Sierra Nevada.** By J. Smeaton Chase. Illustrated, 8vo, 354 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2. net.
- Labrador: Its Discovery, Exploration, and Development.** By W. G. Gostling. Illustrated, large 8vo, 574 pages. John Lane Co. \$6. net.
- Gray Days and Gold.** By William Winter. New edition: illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 371 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$3. net.
- Cathedrals of Spain.** By John Allyn Gade. Illustrated, large 8vo, 379 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5. net.
- Amurath to Amurath.** By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Illustrated, large 8vo, 370 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5. net.
- A Saga of the "Sunbeam."** By Horace G. Hutchinson. With portrait, 8vo, 211 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.
- A Paradise in Portugal.** By Mark Sale. 16mo, 168 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1. net.
- St. Luke's Garden.** By Albert S. Stewart. 12mo, 123 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

#### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

- The Early Christians in Rome.** By Rev. H. D. M. Spence-Jones. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 408 pages. John Lane Co. \$4. net.
- Christ's Social Remedies.** By Harry Earl Montgomery. 12mo, 422 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

**John the Loyal: Studies in the Ministry of the Baptist.** By A. T. Robertson. 12mo, 325 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

- The Dilemma of the Modern Christian: How Much Can He Accept of Traditional Christianity?** By Edward H. Eppens. 12mo, 181 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.20 net.
- The Great Epic of Israel.** By Amos Kidder Fiske, A.M. 12mo, 376 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.
- Protestant Thought before Kant.** By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. 12mo, 261 pages. "Studies in Theology." Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts. net.

#### PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

- The Income Tax: A Study of the History, Theory, and Practice of Income Taxation at Home and Abroad.** By Edwin R. A. Seligman. Large 8vo, 711 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.
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